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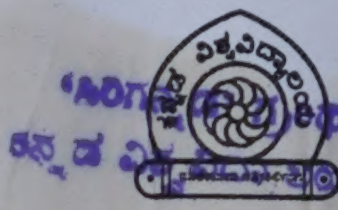

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Dr B Raghavendra Rao,
I. A. S.

'ಸಿರಿಗನ್ನಡ' ಗ್ರಂಥಾಲಯ,
ಕನ್ನಡ ವಿಶ್ವವಿದ್ಯಾಲಯ, ಹಂಪಿ

EXCURSIONS INTO ENGLISH PROSE

EDITED WITH NOTES AND EXERCISES

By

C. R. MYLERU, M.A.

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FOREWORD

An attempt has been made in the following pages to provide students of the Higher Secondary and Intermediate Classes of Indian Universities with as rich and varied a selection of English prose as is consistent with present standards and requirements. In making the selection, the Editor has included some old familiar pieces ; for what is good and great must always remain so, and it is idle to seek to exclude such things and hunt in obscure corners merely for the sake of novelty and strangeness. More than half the pieces in the volume have been drawn from twentieth century writers, for they show the great flexibility of the English language and can serve as models for the students.

The Editor's experience of teaching spread over a period of nearly two decades has familiarised him with the requirements of Indian students. It is with a view to helping them in every possible way that he has added Notes, Exercises, and a list of passages for comment and explanation.

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I. ACME

—John Galsworthy.

IN these days no man of genius need starve. The following story of my friend Bruce may be taken as proof of this assertion. Nearly sixty when I first knew him, he must have written already some fifteen books, which had earned him the reputation of a "genius" with the few who know. He used to live in York Street, Adelphi, where he had two rooms up the very shaky staircase of a house chiefly remarkable for the fact that its front door seemed always open. I suppose there never was a writer more indifferent to what people thought of him. He profoundly neglected the Press—not with one of those neglects which grow on writers from reading reviews of their own works—he seemed never to read criticism, but with the basic neglect of "an original," a nomadic spirit, a stranger in modern civilization, who would leave his attics for long months of wandering, and come back there to hibernate and write a book. He was a tall, thin man, with a face rather like Mark Twain's, black eyebrows which bristled and shot up, a bitten drooping grey moustache, and fuzzy grey hair; but his eyes were like owl's eyes, piercing, melancholy, dark brown, and gave to his rugged face an extraordinary expression of a spirit remote from the flesh which had captured it. He was a bachelor, who seemed to

avoid women; perhaps his experience had taught him that; for he must have been very attractive to them.

The year of which I write had been to my friend Bruce the devil, monetarily speaking. With his passion for writing that for which his age had no taste—what could he expect? His last book had been a complete failure. He had undergone, too, an operation which had cost him much money and left him very weak. When I went to see him that October, I found him stretched out on two chairs, smoking the Brazilian cigarettes which he affected—and which always affected me, so black and strong they were, in their yellow maize-leaf coverings. He had a writing-pad on his knee, and sheets of paper scattered all around. The room had a very meagre look. I had not seen him for a year and more, but he looked up at me as if I'd been in yesterday.

"Hallo!" he said, "I went into a thing they call a cinema last night. Have you ever been?"

"Ever been? Do you know how long the cinema has been going? Since about 1900."

"Well! What a *thing*! I'm writing a skit on it!"

"How—a skit?"

"Parody—wildest yarn you ever read."

He took up a sheet of paper and began chuckling to himself.

"My heroine," he said, "is an octoroon. Her eyes swim, and her lovely bosom heaves. Everybody wants her, and she's more virtuous than words can say. The situations she doesn't succumb to would freeze your blood; they'd roast your marrow. She has a perfect devil of a brother, with whom she

was brought up, and who knows her deep dark secret and wants to trade her off to a millionaire who also has a deep dark secret. Altogether there are four deep dark secrets in my yarn. It's a corker."

"What a waste of your time!" I said.

"My time!" he answered fiercely. "What's the use of my time? Nobody buys my books."

"Who's attending you?"

"Doctors! They take your money, that's all. I've got no money. Don't talk about me!" Again he took up a sheet of manuscript and chuckled.

"Last night—at that place—they had—good God!—a race between a train and a motor car. Well. I've got one between a train, a motor car, an aeroplane, and a horse."

I sat up.

"May I have a look at your skit," I said, "when you've finished it?"

"It *is* finished. Wrote it straight off. D'you think I could stop and then go on again with a thing like that?" He gathered the sheets and held them out to me. "Take the thing—it's amused me to do it. The heroine's secret is that she isn't an octoroon at all; she's a De La Casse—purest Creole blood of the South; and her villainous brother isn't her brother; and the bad millionaire isn't a millionaire; and her penniless lover is. It's rich, I tell you!"

"Thanks," I said dryly, and took the sheets.

I went away concerned about my friend, his illness, and his poverty, especially his poverty, for I saw no end to it.

After dinner that evening I began languidly to read his skit. I had not read two pages of the thirty-five before I started up, sat down again, and

feverishly read on. Skit! By George! He had written a perfect scenario—or, rather, that which wanted the merest professional touching-up to be perfect. I was excited. It was a little gold mine if properly handled. Any good film company, I felt convinced, would catch at it. Yes! But how to handle it? Bruce was such an unaccountable creature, such a wild old bird! Imagine his having only just realised the cinema! If I told him his skit was a serious film, he would say "Good God!" and put it in the fire, priceless though it was. And yet, how could I market it without *carte blanche*, and how to get *carte blanche* without giving my discovery away? I was deathly keen on getting some money for him; and this thing, properly worked, might almost make him independent. I felt as if I had a priceless museum piece which a single stumble might shatter to fragments. The tone of his voice when he spoke of the cinema—"What a *thing*!"—kept coming back to me. He was prickly proud, too—very difficult about money. Could I work it without telling him anything? I knew he never looked at a newspaper. But should I be justified in taking advantage of that—in getting the thing accepted and produced without his knowing? I revolved the question for hours, and went to see him again next day.

He was reading.

"Hallo! You again? What do you think of this theory—that the Egyptians derive from a Saharan civilization?"

"I don't think," I said.

"It is nonsense. This fellow——"

I interrupted him.

"Do you want that skit back or can I keep it?"

"Skit? What skit?"

"The thing you gave me yesterday."

"That! Light your fire with it. This fellow ——"

"Yes," I said; "I'll light a fire with it. I see you're busy."

"Oh, no! I'm not," he said. "I've nothing to do. What's the good of my writing? I earn less and less with every book that comes out. I'm dying of poverty."

"That's because you won't consider the public."

"*How* can I consider the public when I don't know what they want?"

"Because you won't take the trouble to find out. If I suggested a way to you of pleasing the public and making money, you'd kick me out of the room."

And the words: "For instance, I've got a little gold-mine of yours in my pocket," were on the tip of my tongue, but I choked them back. "Daren't risk it!" I thought. "He's given you the thing."

I took the gold-mine away and promptly rough-shaped it for the film. It was perfectly easy, without any alteration of the story. Then I was faced with the temptation to put his name to it. The point was this: if I took it to a film company as an authorless scenario, I should only get authorless terms; whereas, if I put his name to it, with a little talking I could double the terms at least. The film public didn't know his name, of course, but the inner literary public did, and it's wonderful how you can impress the market with the word "genius" judiciously used. It was too dangerous, however; and at last I hit on a middle course. I would take it to

them with no name attached, but tell them it was by a "genius," and suggest that they should make capital out of the incognito. I knew they would feel it *was* by a genius.

I took it to an excellent company next day, with a covering note saying: "The author, a man of recognised literary genius, for certain reasons prefers to remain unknown." They took a fortnight in which to rise, but they rose. They had to. The thing was too good in itself. For a week I played them over terms. Twice I delivered an ultimatum—twice they surrendered: they knew too well what they had got. I could have made a contract with £2.000 down which would have brought at least another £2.000 before the contract term closed; but I compounded for one that gave me £3.000 down, as likely to lead to less difficulty with Bruce. The terms were not a whit too good for what was really the "acme" of scenarios. If I could have been quite open I could certainly have done better. Finally however, I signed the contract, delivered the manuscript, and received a cheque for the price. I was elated, and at the same time knew that my troubles were just beginning. With Bruce's feeling about the film, how the deuce should I get him to take the money? Could I go to his publishers, and conspire with them to trickle it out to him gradually, as if it came from his books? That meant letting them into the secret; besides, he was too used to receiving practically nothing from his books; it would lead him to make inquiry, and the secret was bound to come out. Could I get a lawyer to spring an inheritance on him? That would mean no end of lying and elaboration even if a lawyer would consent. Should I

send him the money in Bank of England notes, with the words: "From a lifelong admirer of your genius"? I was afraid he would suspect a trick, or stolen notes, and go to the police to trace them. Or should I just go, put the cheque on the table, and tell him the truth?

The question worried me terribly, for I didn't feel entitled to consult others who knew him. It was the sort of thing that, if talked over, would certainly leak out. It was not desirable, however, to delay cashing a big cheque like that. Besides, they had started on the production. It happened to be a slack time, with a dearth of good films, so that they were rushing it on. And in the meantime there was Bruce—starved of everything he wanted, unable to get away for want of money, depressed about his health and his future. And yet so completely had he always seemed to me different, strange, superior to this civilisation of ours, that the idea of going to him and saying simply: "This is yours, for the film you wrote," scared me. I could hear his: "I? Write for the cinema? What do you mean?"

When I came to think of it, I had surely taken an extravagant liberty in marketing the thing without consulting him. I felt he would never forgive that, and my feeling towards him was so affectionate, even reverential, that I simply hated the idea of being cast out of his affections. At last I hit on a way that by introducing my own interest might break my fall. I cashed the cheque, lodged the money at my bank, drew my own cheque on it for the full amount, and armed with that and the contract, went to see him.

He was lying on two chairs, smoking his

Brazilians, and playing with a stray cat which had attached itself to him. He seemed rather less prickly than usual and after beating about the bushes of his health and other matters, I began :

"I've got a confession to make, Bruce."

"Confession !" he said. "What confession ?"

"You remember that skit on the film you wrote, and gave me, about six weeks ago ?"

"No."

"Yes, you do—about an octoroon."

He chuckled. "Oh ! Ah ! That !"

I took a deep breath, and went on :

"Well, I sold it ; and the price of course belongs to you."

"What ? Who'd print a thing like that ?"

"It isn't printed. It's been made into a film—super-film, they call it."

His hand came to a pause on the cat's back, and he glared at me. I hastened on :

"I ought to have told you what I was doing, but you're so prickly, and you've got such confounded superior notions. I thought if I did, you'd be biting off your nose to spite your own face. The fact is, it made a marvellous scenario. Here's the contract, and here's a cheque on my bank for the price—£3,000. If you like to treat me as your agent, you owe me £300. I don't expect it, but I'm not proud, like you, and I shan't sneeze."

"Good God !" he said.

"Yes, I know. But it's all nonsense, Bruce. You can carry scruples to altogether too great length. Tainted source ! Everything's tainted, if you come to that. The film's a quite justified expression of modern civilisation—a natural outcome of

the Age. It gives amusement; it affords pleasure. It may be vulgar, it may be cheap, but we *are* vulgar, we *are* cheap, and it's no use pretending we're not—not you, of course, Bruce, but people at large. A vulgar Age wants vulgar amusement, and if we can give it that amusement, we ought to; life's not too cheery, anyway."

The glare in his eyes was almost paralysing me, but I managed to stammer on.

"You live out of the world—you don't realise what humdrum people want; something to balance the greyness, the—the banality of their lives. They want blood, thrill, sensation of all sorts. You didn't mean to give it them, but you have, you've done them a benefit, whether you wish to or not, and the money's yours and you've got to take it."

The cat suddenly jumped down. I waited for the storm to burst.

"I know," I dashed on, "that you hate and despise the film——."

Suddenly his voice boomed out.

"Bosh! What are you talking about? Film! I go there every other night."

It was my turn to say: "Good God!" And, ramming contract and cheque into his empty hand, I bolted, closely followed by the cat.

—From *Caravan*.

II. SUBHA

—Rabindranath Tagore.

WHEN the girl was given the name of Subhashini, who could have guessed that she would be dumb when she grew up? Her two elder sisters were Sukeshini and Suhashini, and for the sake of uniformity her father named his youngest girl Subhashini. She was called Subha for short.

Her two elder sisters had been married with the usual difficulties in finding husbands and providing dowries, and now the youngest daughter lay like a silent weight upon the heart of her parents. People seemed to think that, because she did not speak, therefore she did not feel; they discussed her future and their anxiety concerning it even in her presence. She had understood from her earliest childhood that God had sent her like a curse to her father's house, so she withdrew herself from ordinary people and tried to live apart. If only they would all forget her she felt she could endure it. But who can forget pain? Night and day her parents' minds ached with anxiety on her account. Her mother especially looked upon her as a deformity. To a mother a daughter is a more closely intimate part of herself than a son can be; and a fault in her is a source of personal shame. Banikantha, Subha's father, loved her rather better than he did his other daughters; her mother almost hated her as a stain upon her own body.

If Subha lacked speech, she did not lack a pair of large dark eyes, shaded with long lashes; and her lips trembled like a leaf in response to any thought that arose in her mind.

When we express our thought in words, the medium is not found easily. There must be a process of translation, which is often inexact, and then we fall into error. But black eyes need no translating; the mind itself throws a shadow upon them. In them thought opens or shuts, shines forth or goes out in darkness, hangs steadfast like the setting moon or like the swift and restless lightning illumines all quarters of the sky. Those who from birth have had no other speech than the trembling of their lips learn a language of the eyes, endless in expression, deep as the sea, clear as the heavens, wherein play dawn and sunset, light and shadow. The dumb have a lonely grandeur like Nature's own. Wherefore the other children almost dreaded Subha and never played with her. She was silent and companionless as the noontide.

She lived in a small village called Chandipur. The river on whose bank it stood was small for a river of Bengal, and kept to its narrow bounds like a daughter of the middle class. This busy streak of water never overflowed its banks, but went about its duties as though it were a member of every family in the villages beside it. On either side were houses and banks shaded with trees. So, stepping from her queenly throne, the river-goddess became a garden deity of each home; and forgetful of herself performed her task of endless benediction with swift and cheerful feet.

Banikantha's house looked out upon the stream

Every hut and stack in the place could be seen by the passing boatmen. I know not if amid these signs of worldly wealth any one noticed the little girl, who, when her work was done, stole away to the waterside and sat there. But here Nature herself made up for her want of speech and spoke for her. The murmur of the brook, the voice of the village folk, the songs of the boatmen, the cry of the birds and the rustle of trees, mingled, and were one with the trembling of her heart. They became one vast wave of sound which beat upon her restless soul. This murmur and movement of Nature were the dumb girl's language; that speech of the dark eyes, which the long lashes shaded, was the language of the world about her. From the trees, where the cicalas chirped, to the quiet stars, there was nothing but signs and gestures, weeping and sighing. And in the deep mid-noon, when the boatmen and fisherfolk had gone to their dinner, when the villagers slept and the birds were still, when the ferry-boats were idle, when the great busy world paused in its toil and became suddenly a lonely, awful giant, then beneath the vast impressive heavens there were only dumb Nature and a dumb girl, sitting very silent—one under the spreading sunlight, the other where a small tree cast its shadow.

But Subha was not altogether without friends. In the stall were two cows, Sarbhashi and Panguli. They had never heard their names from her lips, but they knew her footfall. Though she could form no words, she murmured lovingly and they understood her gentle murmuring better than all speech. When she fondled them or scolded or coaxed them, they understood her better than men could do.

Subha would come to the shed and throw her arms round Sarbhashi's neck ; she would rub her cheek against her friend's and Panguli would turn her great kind eyes and lick her face. The girl visited them regularly three times a day, and at many an odd moment as well. Whenever she heard any words that hurt her, she would come to these dumb friends even though it might not be the hour for a regular visit. It was as though they guessed her anguish of spirit from her look of quiet sadness. Coming close to her, they would rub their horns softly against her arms, and in dumb, puzzled fashion try to comfort her. Besides these, there were goats and a kitten ; but Subha had not the same equal friendship with them, though they showed the same attachment. Every time it got a chance, night or day, the kitten would jump into her lap, and settle down to slumber, and show its appreciation of an aid to sleep as Subha drew her soft fingers over its neck and back.

Subha had a comrade also among the higher animals, and it is hard to say what were the girl's relations with him ; for he could speak, and his gift of speech left them without any common language. He was the youngest boy of the Gosains, Pratap by name, an idle fellow. After long effort, his parents had abandoned the hope of his ever making a living. Now losels have this advantage, that though their own folk disapprove of them they are generally popular with every one else. Having no work to chain them, they become public property. Just as every town needs an open space where all may breathe, so a village needs two or three gentlemen of leisure, who can give time to all ; then, if we

are lazy and want a companion, one is to hand.

Pratap's chief ambition was to catch fish. He managed to waste a lot of time this way, and might be seen almost any afternoon so employed. It was thus most often that he met Subha. Whatever he was about, he liked a companion ; and, when one is trying to catch fish, a silent companion is best of all. Pratap respected Subha for her silence, and, as every one called her Subha, he showed his affection by calling her Su. Subha used to sit beneath a tamarind tree, and Pratap, a little distance off, would cast his line. Pratap took with him a small allowance of betel, and Subha prepared it for him. And I think that, sitting there and gazing a long while, she desired ardently to bring some great help to Pratap, to be of real aid, to prove by any means that she was not a useless burden in the world. But there was nothing to do. Then she turned to the Creator in prayer for some rare power, that by an astonishing miracle she might startle Pratap into exclaiming : "My ! I never dreamt our Su could do this ! "

Only think, if Subha had been a water-nymph, she might have risen slowly from the river, bringing the gem of a snake's crown to the landing-place. Then Pratap leaving his paltry fishing, might have dived into the lower world, and seen there, on a golden bed in a palace of silver, whom else but dumb little Su, Banikantha's child ! Yes, our Su, the only daughter of the king of that shining city of jewels ! But that might not be, it was impossible. Not that anything is really impossible, but Su had been born, not into the royal house of Patalpur, but into Banikantha's family, and thus she knew of

no means by which she might astonish the Gosains' boy.

She grew up, and little by little began to find herself. A new inexpressible consciousness like a tide from the central places of the sea, when the moon is full, swept through her. She saw herself, questioned herself, but no answer came that she could understand.

Late one night, when the moon was full, she slowly opened her door, and timidly peeped out. Nature, herself at full moon, like lonely Subha, was looking down on the sleeping earth. Subha's strong young life beat within her ; joy and sadness filled her being to its brim ; she had felt unutterably lonely before, but her feeling of loneliness was this moment at its intensest. Her heart was heavy, and she could not speak. At the skirts of this silent troubled Mother there stood a silent troubled girl.

The thought of her marriage filled her parents with anxious care. People blamed them, and even talked of making them outcasts. Banikantha was well off ; his family even had fish-curry twice daily, and consequently he did not lack enemies. Then the women interfered, and Bani went away for a few days. Presently he returned and said : "We must go to Calcutta."

They got ready to go to this strange place. Subha's heart was heavy with tears, like a mist-wrapt dawn. With a vague fear that had been gathering for days, she dogged her father and mother like a dumb animal. With her large eyes wide open, she scanned their faces as though she wished to learn something. But not a word did they vouchsafe. One afternoon in the midst of all

this, as Pratap was fishing, he laughed: "So then, Su, they have caught your bridegroom, and you are going to be married! Mind you don't forget me altogether!" Then he turned his mind again to his fishing. As a stricken dove looks in the hunter's face, asking in silent agony: "What have I done to you?" so Subha looked at Pratap. That day she sat no longer beneath her tree. Banikantha, having finished his nap, was smoking in his bedroom when Subha dropped at his feet and burst out weeping as she gazed towards him. Banikantha tried to comfort her, and his own cheek grew wet with tears.

It was settled that on the morrow they should go to Calcutta. Subha went to the cow-shed to bid farewell to the comrades of her childhood. She fed them from her hand; she clasped their necks; she looked into their faces, and tears fell fast from the eyes which spoke for her. That night was the tenth of the new moon. Subha left her room, and flung herself down on her grassy couch beside the river she loved so much. It was as if she threw her arms about the Earth, her strong, silent mother, and tried to say: "Do not let me leave you, mother. Put your arms about me, as I have put mine about you, and hold me fast."

One day, in a house in Calcutta, Subha's mother dressed her up with great care. She imprisoned her hair, knotting it up in laces, she hung her about with ornaments, and did her best to kill her natural beauty. Subha's eyes filled with tears. Her mother, fearing they would grow swollen with weeping, scolded her harshly, but the tears disregarded the scolding. The bridegroom came with

a friend to inspect the bride. Her parents were dizzy with anxiety and fear when they saw the god arrive to select the beast for his sacrifice. Behind the stage, the mother called her instructions aloud, so that her daughter's weeping redoubled, before she sent her into the examiner's presence. The great man, after looking her up and down a long time, observed: "Not so bad."

He took special note of her tears, and thought she must have a tender heart. He put it to her credit in the account, arguing that the heart, which to-day was distressed at leaving her parents, would presently prove a useful possession. Like the oyster's pearls, the child's tears only increased her value, and he made no other comment.

The almanac was consulted, and the marriage took place on an auspicious day. Having delivered their dumb girl into another's hands, Subha's parents returned home. Thank God! Their caste in this world and their safety in the next were assured! The bridegroom's work lay in the west, and shortly after the marriage he took his wife thither.

In less than ten days every one knew that the bride was dumb! At least, if any one did not, it was not her fault, for she deceived no one. Her eyes told them everything, though no one understood her. She looked on every hand, but found no speech; she missed the faces, familiar from birth, of those who had understood a dumb girl's language. In her silent heart there sounded an endless, voiceless weeping, which only the Searcher of Hearts could hear.

—From *The Stories of Tagore.*

III. THE BURGLARS

—*Kenneth Grahame.*

IT was much too fine a night to think of going to bed at once, and so, although the witching hour of 9 p.m. had struck, Edward and I were still leaning out of the open window in our nightshirts, watching the play of the cedar-branch shadows on the moonlit lawn, and planning schemes of fresh devilry for the sunshiny morrow. From below, strains of the jocund piano declared that the Olympians were enjoying themselves in their listless, impotent way; for the new curate had been bidden to dinner that night, and was at the moment unclerically proclaiming to all the world that he feared no foe. His discordant vociferations doubtless started a train of thought in Edward's mind, for he presently remarked, *apropos* of nothing whatever that had been said before, "I believe the new curate's rather gone on Aunt Maria."

I scouted the notion. "Why, she's quite old," I said. (She must have seen some five-and-twenty summers.)

"Of course she is," replied Edward scornfully. "It's not her, it's her money he's after, you bet!"

"Didn't know she had any money," I observed timidly.

"Sure to have," said my brother with confidence—"heaps and heaps."

Silence ensued, both our minds being busy with the new situation thus presented: mine in wonder-

ment at this flaw that so often declared itself in enviable natures of fullest endowment—in a grown-up man and a good cricketer, for instance, even as this curate; Edward's (apparently) in the consideration of how such a state of things, supposing it existed, could be best turned to his own advantage.

"Bobby Ferris told me," began Edward, in due course, "that there was a fellow spooning his sister once——."

"What's spooning?" I asked meekly.

"Oh, *I* dunno," said Edward indifferently. "It's—it's—it's just a thing they do, you know. And he used to carry notes and messages and things between 'em, and he got a shilling almost every time."

"What, from each of 'em?" I innocently inquired.

Edward looked at me with scornful pity. "Girls never have any money," he briefly explained. "But she did his exercises and got him out of rows, and told stories for him when he needed it—and much better ones than he could have made up for himself. Girls are useful in some ways. So he was living in clover, when unfortunately they went and quarrelled about something."

"Don't see what that's got to do with it," I said.

"Nor don't I," rejoined Edward. "But anyhow the notes and things stopped, and so did the shillings. Bobby was fairly cornered, for he had bought two ferrets on tick, and promised to pay a shilling a week, thinking the shillings were going on for ever, the silly young ass. So when the week

was up and he was being dunned for the shilling, he went off to the fellow and said: 'Your broken-hearted Bella implores you to meet her at sundown. By the hollow oak, as of old, be it only for a moment. Do not fail!' He got all that out of some rotten book, of course. The fellow looked puzzled, and said—

"What hollow oak? I don't know any hollow oak?"

"'Perhaps it was the Royal Oak?' said Bobby promptly, 'cos he saw he had made a slip through trusting too much to the rotten book: but this didn't seem to make the fellow any happier."

"Should think not," I said; "the Royal Oak's an awful low sort of pub."

"I know," said Edward. "Well, at last the fellow said, 'I think I know what she means; the hollow tree in your father's paddock. It happens to be an elm, but she wouldn't know the difference. All right; say I'll be there.' Bobby hung about a bit, for he hadn't got his money. 'She was crying awfully,' he said. Then he got his shilling."

"And wasn't the fellow riled," I inquired, "when he got to the place and found nothing?"

"He found Bobby," said Edward indignantly. "Young Ferris was a gentleman, every inch of him. He brought the fellow another message from Bella: 'I dare not leave the house. My cruel parents immure me closely. If you only knew what I suffer!—Your broken-hearted Bella.' Out of the same rotten book. This made the fellow a little suspicious, 'cos it was the old Ferrises who had been keen about the thing all through. The fellow, you see, had tin."

"But what's that got to—" I began again.

"Oh, *I* dunno," said Edward impatiently. "I'm telling you just what Bobby told me. He got suspicious, anyhow, but he couldn't exactly call Bella's brother a liar, so Bobby escaped for the time. But when he was in a hole next week, over a stiff French exercise, and tried the same sort of game on his sister, she was too sharp for him, and he got caught out. Somehow women seem more mistrustful than men. They're so beastly suspicious by nature, you know."

"*I* know," said I. "But did the two—the fellow and the sister—make it up afterwards?"

"I don't remember about that," replied Edward indifferently; "but Bobby got packed off to school a whole year earlier than his people meant to send him. Which was just what he wanted. So you see it all came right in the end!"

I was trying to puzzle out the moral of this story—it was evidently meant to contain one somewhere—when a flood of golden lamp-light mingled with the moon-rays on the lawn, and Aunt Maria and the new curate strolled out on the grass below us, and took the direction of a garden-seat which was backed by a dense laurel shrubbery reaching round in a half-circle to the house. Edward meditated moodily. "If we only knew what they were talking about," said he, "you'd soon see whether I was right or not. Look here! Let's send the kid down by the porch to reconnoitre!"

"Harold's asleep," I said; "it seems rather a shame——."

"Oh, rot!" said my brother; "he's the youngest, and he's got to do as he's told!"

So the luckless Harold was hauled out of bed and given his sailing orders. He was naturally rather vexed at being stood up suddenly on the cold floor, and the job had no particular interest for him: but he was both staunch and well-disciplined. The means of exit were simple enough. A porch of iron trellis came up to within easy reach of the window, and was habitually used by all three of us when modestly anxious to avoid public notice. Harold climbed deftly down the porch like a white rat, and his nightgown glimmered a moment on the gravel walk ere he was lost to sight in the darkness of the shrubbery. A brief interval of silence ensued, broken suddenly by a sound of scuffle, and then a shrill, long-drawn squeal, as of metallic surfaces in friction. Our scout had fallen into the hands of the enemy.

Indolence alone had made us devolve the task of investigation on our younger brother. Now the danger had declared itself, there was no hesitation. In a second we were down the side of the porch, and crawling Cherokee-wise through the laurels to the back of the garden-seat. Piteous was the sight that greeted us. Aunt Maria was on the seat, in a white evening frock, looking—for an aunt—really quite nice. On the lawn stood an incensed curate, grasping our small brother by a large ear, which—judging from the row he was making—seemed on the point of parting company with the head it completed and adorned. The gruesome noise he was emitting did not really affect us otherwise than aesthetically. To one who has tried both, the wail of genuine physical anguish is easily distinguishable from the pumped-up *ad misericordiam* blubber. Harold's could clearly be recognized as belonging to the latter

class. "Now you young—" (whelp, *I* think it was, but Edward stoutly maintains it was devil), said the curate sternly, "tell us what you mean by it!"

"Well, leggo of my ear then," shrilled Harold, "and I'll tell you the solemn truth!"

"Very well," agreed the curate, releasing him; "now go ahead, and don't lie more than you can help."

We abode the promised disclosure without the least misgiving; but even we had hardly given Harold due credit for his fertility of resource and powers of imagination.

"I had just finished saying my prayers," began that young gentleman slowly, "when I happened to look out of the window, and on the lawn I saw a sight which froze the marrow in my veins! A burglar was approaching the house with snake-like tread! He had a scowl and a dark lantern, and he was armed to the teeth!"

We listened with interest. The style, though unlike Harold's native notes, seemed strangely familiar.

"Go on," said the curate grimly.

"Pausing in his stealthy career," continued Harold, "he gave a low whistle. Instantly the signal was responded to, and from the adjacent shadows two more figures glided forth. The miscreants were both armed to the teeth."

"Excellent," said the curate: "proceed."

"The robber chief," pursued Harold, warming to his work, "joined his nefarious comrades, and conversed with them in silent tones. His expression was truly ferocious, and I ought to have said that he was armed to the t——"

"There, never mind his teeth," interrupted the curate rudely; "there's too much jaw about you altogether. Hurry up and have done."

"I was in a frightful funk," continued the narrator, warily guarding his ear with his hand; "but just then the drawing-room window opened, and you and Aunt Maria came out—I mean emerged. The burglars vanished silently into the laurels, with horrid implications!"

The curate looked slightly puzzled. The tale was well sustained, and certainly circumstantial. After all, the boy might really have seen something. How was the poor man to know—though the chaste and lofty diction might have supplied a hint—that the whole yarn was a free adaptation from the last Penny Dreadful lent us by the knife-and-boot boy?

"Why did you not alarm the house?" he asked.

"'Cos I was afraid," said Harold sweetly. "that p'raps they mightn't believe me."

"But how did you get down here, you naughty little boy?" put in Aunt Maria.

Harold was hard pressed—by his own flesh and blood, too!

At that moment Edward touched me on the shoulder and glided off through the laurels. When some ten yards away he gave a low whistle. I replied with another. The effect was magical. Aunt Maria started up with a shriek. Harold gave one startled glance around, and then fled like a hare, made straight for the back door, burst in upon the servants at supper, and buried himself in the broad bosom of the cook, his special ally. The curate faced the laurels—hesitatingly. But Aunt Maria flung herself on him. "O Mr. Hodgitts," I heard her cry,

"you are brave! for my sake do not be rash!" He was not rash. When I peeped out a second later the coast was entirely clear.

By this time there were sounds of a household timidly emerging, and Edward remarked to me that perhaps we had better be off. Retreat was an easy matter. A stunted laurel gave a leg-up on to the garden wall, which led in its turn to the roof of an outhouse, up which, at a dubious angle, we could crawl to the window of the box-room. This overland route had been revealed to us one day by the domestic cat, when hard pressed in the course of an otter-hunt, in which the cat—somewhat unwillingly—was filling the title *role*; and it had proved distinctly useful on occasions like the present. We were snug in bed—minus some cuticle from knees and elbows—and Harold, sleepily chewing something sticky, had been carried up in the arms of the friendly cook ere the clamour of the burglar-hunters had died away.

The curate's undaunted demeanour, as reported by Aunt Maria, was generally supposed to have terrified the burglars into flight, and much kudos accrued to him thereby. Some days later, however, when he had dropped in to afternoon tea, and was making a mild curatorial joke about the moral courage required for taking the last piece of bread-and-butter, I felt constrained to remark dreamily, and as it were to the universe at large, "Mr. Hodgitts, you are brave! for my sake do not be rash!"

Fortunately for me, the vicar also was a caller on that day; and it was always a comparatively easy matter to dodge my long-coated friend in the open.

—From *The Golden Age.*

IV. HUNTED BY A BEAR

—*Charles Reade.*

AS they drew near the Rhine, they passed through forest after forest, and now for the first time ugly words sounded in travellers' mouths, seated around stoves. "Thieves!" "Black gangs!" "Cut-throats!"

The very rustics were said to have a custom hereabout of murdering the unwary traveller in these gloomy woods, whose dark and devious windings enabled those who were familiar with them to do deeds of rapine and blood undetected, or, if detected, easily to baffle pursuit.

Certain it was, that every clown they met carried, whether for offence or defence, a most formidable weapon; a light axe with a short pike at the head, and a long slender handle of ash or yew, well seasoned. These the natives could all throw with singular precision, so as to make the point strike an object at several yards' distance, or could slay a bullock at hand with a stroke of the blade. Gerard bought one and practised with it. Denys quietly filed and ground his bolt sharp, whistling the whilst; and when they entered a gloomy wood, he would unsling his crossbow and carry it ready for action; but not so much like a traveller fearing an attack, as a sportsman watchful not to miss a snap shot.

One day, being in a forest a few leagues from Dusseldorf, as Gerard was walking like one in a dream, and scarce seeing the road he trod, his com-

panion laid a hand on his shoulder, and strung his crossbow with glittering eye. "Hush!" said he, in a low whisper that startled Gerard more than thunder. Gerard grasped his axe tightly, and shook a little. He heard a rustling in the wood hard by, and at the same moment Denys sprang into the wood, and his crossbow went to his shoulder, even as he jumped. Twang! went the metal string, and after an instant's suspense he roared: "Run forward, guard the road, he is hit! he is hit!"

Gerard darted forward, and as he ran, a young bear burst out of the wood right upon him; finding itself intercepted, it went upon its hind legs with a snarl, and though not half-grown, opened formidable jaws and long claws. Gerard, in a fury of excitement and agitation, flung himself on it, and delivered a tremendous blow on its nose with his axe, and the creature staggered; another, and it lay grovelling, with Gerard hacking it.

"Hallo! Stop! You are mad to spoil the meat."

"I took it for a robber," said Gerard, panting. "I mean, I had made ready for a robber, so I could not hold my hand."

"Ay, these chattering travellers have stuffed your head full of thieves and assassins; they have not got a real live robber in their whole nation. Nay, I'll carry the beast; bear thou my crossbow."

"We will carry it by turns then," said Gerard, "for 'tis a heavy load; poor thing, how its blood drips. Why did we slay it?"

"For supper and the reward the bailie of the next town shall give us."

"And for that it must die, when it had but just begun to live; and perchance it hath a mother that will miss it sore this night, and loves it as ours love us; more than mine does me."

"What! know you not that his mother was caught in a pitfall last month, and her skin is now at the tanner's? and his father was struck full of clothyard shafts t'other day, and died like Julius Caesar, with his hands folded on his bosom, and a dead dog in each of them?"

But Gerard would not view it jestingly. "Why, then," said he, "we have killed one of God's creatures that was all alone in the world—as I am this day, in this strange land."

"You young milksop," roared Denys, "these things must not be looked at so, or not another bow would be drawn nor quarrel fly in forest nor battlefield. Why, one of your kidney consorting with a troop of pikemen should turn them to a row of milk-pails."

Gerard did not answer, for his ear was attracted by a sound behind him. It was a peculiar sound, too, like something heavy, but not hard, rushing softly over the dead leaves. He turned round with some little curiosity. A colossal creature was coming down the road at about sixty paces' distance.

He looked at it in a sort of calm stupor at first, but the next moment he turned ashy pale.

"Denys!" he cried. "Oh, Denys!"

Denys whirled round.

It was a bear as big as a cart-horse.

It was tearing along with its huge head down, running on a hot scent.

The very moment he saw it, Denys said in a sickening whisper :

"THE CUB !"

Oh ! the concentrated horror of that one word, whispered hoarsely, with dilating eyes. For in that syllable it all flashed upon them both like a sudden stroke of lightning in the dark—the trail of blood, the murdered cub, the mother upon them, and it. DEATH !

All this in a moment of time. The next, she saw them. Huge as she was, she seemed to double herself (it was her long hair bristling with rage): she raised her head big as a bull's, her swine-shaped jaws opened wide at them, her eyes turned to blood and flame, and she rushed upon them, scattering the leaves about her like a whirlwind as she came.

"Shoot !" screamed Denys, but Gerard stood shaking from head to foot, useless.

"Shoot, man, shoot ! Too late ! Tree, tree !" and he dropped the cub, pushed Gerard across the road, and flew to the first tree and climbed it, Gerard doing the same on his side ; and as they fled, both men uttered inhuman howls, like savage creatures grazed by death.

With all their speed one or other would have been torn to fragments at the foot of his tree ; but the bear stopped a moment at the cub.

Without taking her bloodshot eyes off those she was hunting, she smelt it all around, and found, how, her Creator only knows, that it was dead, quite dead. She gave a yell such as neither of the hunted ones had ever heard, nor dreamed to be in nature, and flew after Denys. She reared and struck at him as he climbed. He was just out of reach.

Instantly she seized the tree, and with her huge teeth tore a great piece out of it with a crash. Then she reared again, dug her claws deep into the bark, and began to mount it slowly, but as surely as a monkey.

Denys' evil star had led him to a dead tree, a mere shaft, and of no very great height. He climbed faster than his pursuer, and was soon at the top. He looked this way and that for some bough of another tree to spring to. There was none; and if he jumped down he knew the bear would be upon him ere he could recover the fall, and make short work of him. Moreover, Denys was little used to turning his back on danger, and his blood was rising at being hunted. He turned to bay.

"My hour is come," thought he. "Let me meet death like a man." He kneeled down and grasped a small shoot to steady himself, drew his long knife, and clenching his teeth, prepared to job the huge brute as soon as it should mount within reach.

Of this combat the result was not doubtful.

The monster's head and neck were scarce vulnerable for bone and masses of hair. The man was going to sting the bear, and the bear to crack the man like a nut.

Gerard's heart was better than his nerves. He saw his friend's mortal danger, and passed at once from fear to blindish rage. He slipped down his tree in a moment, caught up the crossbow, which he had dropped in the road, and, running, furiously up, sent a bolt into the bear's body with a loud shout. The bear gave a snarl of rage and pain, and turned its head irresolutely.

"Keep aloof," cried Denys, "or you are a dead man!"

"I care not;" and in a moment he had another bolt ready, and shot it fiercely into the bear, screaming: "Take that, take that!"

Denys poured a volley of oaths down at him. "Get away, idiot!"

He was right; the bear, finding so formidable and noisy a foe behind him, slipped growling down the tree, rending deep furrows in it as she slipped. Gerard ran back to his tree and climbed it swiftly. But while his legs were dangling some eight feet from the ground, the bear came rearing and struck with her forepaw, and out flew a piece of bloody cloth from Gerard's hose. He climbed, and climbed; and presently he heard as it were in the air a voice say: "Go out on the bough!" He looked, and there was a long massive branch before him, shooting upwards at a slight angle: he threw his body across it, and, by a series of convulsive efforts, worked up it to the end.

Then he looked round panting.

The bear was mounting the tree on the other side. He heard her claws scrape, and saw her bulge on both sides of the massive tree. Her eye not being very quick, she reached the fork and passed it, mounting the main stem. Gerard drew breath more freely. The bear either heard him, or found by scent she was wrong: she paused; presently she caught sight of him. She eyed him steadily, then quietly descended to the fork.

Slowly and cautiously she stretched out a paw and tried the bough. It was a stiff oak branch, sound as iron. Instinct taught the creature this; it

crawled carefully out on the bough, growling savagely as it came.

Gerard looked wildly down. He was forty feet from the ground. Death below. Death moving slow but sure on him in a still more horrible form. His hair bristled. The sweat poured from him. He sat helpless, fascinated, tongue-tied.

The bear crawled on. And now the stupor of death fell on the doomed man; he saw the open jaws and bloodshot eyes coming, but in a mist.

As in a mist he heard a twang; he glanced down. Denys, white and silent as death, was shooting up at the bear. The bear snarled at the twang, but crawled on. Again the crossbow twanged, and the next moment the bear was close upon Gerard, where he sat, with hair standing stiff on end and eyes starting from their sockets palsied. The bough rocked. The wounded monster was reeling; it clung, it struck its sickles of claws deep into the wood; it toppled, its claws held firm, but its body rolled off, and the sudden shock to the branch shook Gerard forward on his stomach with his face upon one of the bear's straining paws. At this, by a convulsive effort, she raised her head up, up, till he felt her hot fetid breath. Then huge teeth snapped together loudly close below him in the air, with a last effort of baffled hate. The ponderous carcass rent the claws out of the bough, then pounded the earth with a tremendous thump.

—From *The Cloister and the Hearth.*

V. A SCHOOL MATCH

—Ernest Raymond.

THE School took the field without unnecessary delay, and Radley opened the Masters' innings. They were going to make a fight of it, then. But the School had set its heart on the innings victory, and the team had the moral strength derived from the concentrated determination of six hundred boys. What had the Masters to oppose this? Nothing save Radley and a handful of tarnished Blues.

It is stated that the third innings of the day opened like this: Honion started on a longer run than usual, as if to terrify this Radley fellow. The latter, so an enormous number declared, though I contend they were mistaken, started to run at the same time as the bowler, and meeting the ball at full-pitch, smote it for six. The jubilant expectations of the crowd, always as sensitive as the Stock Exchange, fluctuated. The second ball was square-cut more quietly for four. The third was driven high over the bowler's head and travelled to the boundary-rope. Honion placed a man at the spot where the ball passed the rope, and sent down a similar delivery. Radley pulled it, as a great laugh went up, to the very spot from which the fieldsman had been removed. Eighteen in four balls! The spirits of the crowd drooped.

Penny, at his place with Doc, began to sulk, saying he was sick of it all, and wished he hadn't come.

"Oh, rot," said Doe, "they haven't put our Rupert, the dark horse, on yet. I'm afraid all that's rotten in me is wanting him to be a failure. I can't help it, and I'm *trying* to hope he'll come off. If he does, I'll bellow! Over. White's going to bowl now."

Hush—oh, hush. The Headmaster was coming out to partner Radley! And, considering the silence of respect with which he was greeted, I think Salome scarcely behaved becomingly. He hit an undignified boundary for four.

"Ee, bless me, my man!" whispered the wits.

But Salome, ignorant of his mild flippancy, actually undertook to run a vulgar five for an overthrow; and by like methods succeeded in amassing a score of runs in a dozen minutes.

Meanwhile, Radley, who from the beginning had taken his life in his hands, was flogging the bowling. He and Salome quickly added fifty to the Masters' total.

But Salome's bright young life was destined to be curtailed. A straight, swift ball from Honion he stopped with his instep, and promptly obeyed two laws which operate in such circumstances: the one compelling him to execute a pleasing dance and rub the injured bone, and the other involving his return to the pavilion (l.b.w.) in favour of the succeeding batsman.

At this interesting development Penny bobbed up and down in his seat with glee. "Ee, bless me! hang me! Ee, curse me!" he chirruped. "He's bust the bone. He'll never walk again. Probably mortification will set in and he'll have his foot off.

Next man in, please. Oh, I never enjoyed anything so much in my life."

The following two wickets were shared by Honion and White, and the score stood at ninety for four, when the School Chaplain approached the wicket. This reverend gentleman walked to his place with zealous rapidity, and proceeded to propagate the gospel with some excellent hits to leg. Three such yielded him nine runs, and at the end of the over he found himself facing Honion's bowling. The temporary dismay of the crowd disappeared. Honion, it was conjectured, would soon send the parson indoors to evensong. But the conjecture was faulty. Honion instead was sent for a two, a boundary, and a single.

"Curse me!" grumbled Penny. "It's not in the best taste for the learned divine to play like any godless layman. Has he nothing better to do? Are there no souls to save?"

"No, but there's a match to save," suggested Doe.

There was perhaps some justification for Penny's indignation, when this indecent ecclesiastic scored two fours in succession, and by his beaming face and intermittent giggle showed that he was feeling a very carnal satisfaction in sending ten members of his congregation, one after another, in search of the ball. Ultimately he was caught low down in the slips, having compiled an excellent thirty; and he walked off, hardly concealing a smile.

As he ran up the steps of the pavilion, Upton came down, drawing on his gloves and ready to prove that Erasmus could exhibit very creditable pedagogues, as well as Bramhall. This slender,

grey-haired master with the ruddy countenance was much favoured by the ladies. He looked a young and blooming veteran. The boys of Erasmus gave him a cheer (for he was a good man) and prayed that he might not survive the first ball. He did, however, and held his end up in dogged fashion, leaving Radley to develop the score, and only occasionally taking a modest four for himself.

It was about this time that Radley got under a ball and sent a chance whizzing towards me. It flew high, and I shot up my left hand for it. The ball hit me right in the centre of the palm with such force that it stung most painfully, and I had not the least hesitation in dropping it. There were groans of disappointment from the males, execrations from Penny, and murmurs of sympathy and love from the female portion of the crowd. But my sensations were again the opposite to the crowd's. The pain in my hand was exactly the same as when Radley caned me years before on the left hand; and I was reminded of the scene. "Put up your left hand," he had said sarcastically. "You'll need the other for writing your lines." Now I had accidentally put up my left. It was surely because I should need the other for bowling him out. Such strange alleys do my thoughts run along when I am woolgathering in the field.

It must be admitted that Honion was by this time a failure. Radley was doing what he liked with the bowling. By six-thirty, the score stood at 180, and the Masters only required seventy to save them from the innings defeat. There was an hour before them, and they had five wickets in hand. But the light was not so good. We might do it yet.

Thirty minutes of that last hour passed, and in them forty runs were scored at a cost of three wickets. So there was half an hour left to play, two wickets in hand, and thirty runs to get.

The ninth man failed at a quarter-past seven, leaving the score at 225. It rested, then, with Radley and the last man to make twenty-five in fifteen minutes and a bad light.

The schoolboy crowd was suffering ; and, when Radley smote Honion for a six, the suffering became agony. Some drastic step must be taken.

Suddenly a shrill-voiced boy sang out :

" Put Ray on. Give Ray a chance."

The crowd took it up and roared out its instructions to put Ray on. Bad form, I grant you, but then they scarcely knew what they were doing, for they were in an ecstasy of suspense and excitement. The cry became formidable. " Put Ray on." My face felt as if it had been scorched at the fire. One boy roared out : " Hoo-*Ray*, hoo-*Ray* hoo-blooming-*Ray* ! "

The crowd laughed, and, while many inquired of one another : " What did he say ? Do tell me," the majority adopted the cry as a slogan.

" Hoo-*Ray*, hoo-*Ray*, hoo-blooming-*Ray* ! "

Our Captain deferred to the voice of public opinion.

" Take next over this end, Ray," he said.

The permission was belated enough. When amid terrific applause I faced Radley, there were only fourteen runs to be made and ten minutes to play.

But, then, I had only one wicket to take. The pulsations of my heart were rapid—but dull, deli-

berate, and heavy as a strong man's fist. I felt as though I had not eaten anything for weeks, nor was ever likely to eat again. Honion shook his head; he saw that I was trembling. Radley smiled encouragingly. White said: "For God's sake, Ray, pull it off." And I murmured: "Right. I'll try." I was surprised at the way my voice shook.

I took a quiet run (though my feet sounded noisily on the turf, owing to the breathless silence) and bowled.

"Wide!"

The crowd laughed, but it was the laugh of despair. My second ball Radley hit for four. My third followed it to the boundary.

"This'll be Ray's last over," said the witty critics. It was. There were only five more runs to be made. The ladies, preparing for departure, drew on their gloves. Sedate gentlemen, who had removed top-hats from perspiring brows, brushed the silk with their sleeves. Within a few minutes the innings victory would be won or lost.

Despair cured me of nerves. I bowled my fourth ball without any excitement. Radley fumbled and missed it. He smiled grimly, twisted his bat round, adjusted the handle, and resumed his position, at the block.

Murmurs of "Well bowled" reached me; and so silent was the crowd and so still the evening, that I heard a voice saying to someone: "That was a good ball, wasn't it? Absolutely beat him. In a light like this——."

Now I was trembling, if you like. But it was not nerves. It was confidence that the supreme

moment of my school-days was upon me. I picked up the ball, muttering repeatedly but unconsciously: "O God, make me do it." I turned and faced Radley. As I took my short run, I felt perfectly certain that I should bowl him. And the next thing I remember was seeing my master's leg-bail fall to the ground.

All together, none before and none after the other, every male in the crowd bellowed forth the accumulated excitement of the day:

"OUT!"

—From *Tell England.*

VI. PARSON COLLINS PROPOSES

—*Jane Austen.*

THE next day opened a new scene at Longbourn. Mr. Collins made his declaration in form. Having resolved to do it without loss of time, as his leave of absence extended only to the following Saturday, and having no feelings of diffidence to make it distressing to himself even at the moment, he set about it in a very orderly manner, with all the observances, which he supposed a regular part of the business. On finding Mrs. Bennet, Elizabeth, and one of the younger girls together, soon after breakfast, he addressed the mother in these words: "May I hope, madam, for your interest with your fair daughter Elizabeth, when I solicit for the honour of a private audience with her in the course of this morning?"

Before Elizabeth had time for anything but a blush of surprise, Mrs. Bennet instantly answered. "Oh, dear!—Yes—certainly. I am sure Lizzy will be very happy— I am sure she can have no objection. Come, Kitty, I want you upstairs." And, gathering her work together, she was hastening away, when Elizabeth called out:

"Dear Madam, do not go. I beg you will not go. Mr. Collins must excuse me. He can have nothing to say to me that anybody need not hear. I am going away myself."

"No, no, nonsense, Lizzy. I desire you will stay where you are." And upon Elizabeth's seeming

really, with vexed and embarrassed looks, about to escape, she added, "Lizzy, I insist upon your staying and hearing Mr. Collins."

Elizabeth would not oppose such an injunction—and a moment's consideration making her also sensible that it would be wisest to get it over as soon and as quietly as possible, she sat down again, and tried to conceal, by incessant employment, the feelings which were divided between distress and diversion. Mrs. Bennet and Kitty walked off, and as soon as they were gone Mr. Collins began:

"Believe me, my dear Miss Elizabeth, that your modesty, so far from doing you any disservice, rather adds to your other perfections. You would have been less amiable in my eyes had there not been this little unwillingness; but allow me to assure you, that I have your respected mother's permission for this address. You can hardly doubt the purport of my discourse, however your natural delicacy may lead you to dissemble; my attentions have been too marked to be mistaken. Almost as soon as I entered the house, I singled you out as the companion of my future life. But before I am run away with by my feelings on this subject, perhaps it would be advisable for me to state my reasons for marrying—and, moreover, for coming into Hertfordshire with the design of selecting a wife, as I certainly did."

The idea of Mr. Collins, with all his solemn composure, being run away with by his feelings, made Elizabeth so near laughing that she could not use the short pause he allowed in any attempt to stop him further, and he continued:

"My reasons for marrying are, first, that I think

it a right thing for every clergyman in easy circumstances (like myself) to set the example of matrimony in his parish; secondly, that I am convinced it will add very greatly to my happiness; and thirdly—which perhaps I ought to have mentioned earlier—that it is the particular advice and recommendation of the very noble lady whom I have the honour of calling patroness. Twice has she condescended to give me her opinion (unasked too!) on this subject; and it was but the very Saturday night before I left Hunsford—between our pools at quadrille, while Mrs. Jenkinson was arranging Miss de Bourgh's footstool, that she said, 'Mr. Collins, you must marry. A clergyman like you must marry—choose properly, choose a gentlewoman for my sake; and for your own, let her be an active, useful sort of person, not brought up high, but able to make a small income go a good way. This is my advice. Find such a woman as soon as you can, bring her to Hunsford, and I will visit her.' Allow me, by the way, to observe, my fair cousin, that I do not reckon the notice and kindness of Lady Catherine de Bourgh as among the least of the advantages in my power to offer. You will find her manners beyond anything I can describe; and your wit and vivacity, I think, must be acceptable to her, especially when tempered with the silence and respect which her rank will inevitably excite. Thus much for my general intention in favour of matrimony; it remains to be told why my views were directed to Longbourn instead of my own neighbourhood, where I assure you there are many amiable young women. But the fact is, that being, as I am, to inherit this estate after the death of your honoured

father (who, however, may live many years longer), I could not satisfy myself without resolving to choose a wife from among his daughters, that the loss to them might be as little as possible, when the melancholy event takes place—which, however, as I have already said, may not be for several years. This has been my motive, my fair cousin, and I flatter myself it will not sink me in your esteem. And now nothing remains for me but to assure you in the most animated language of the violence of my affection. To fortune I am perfectly indifferent, and shall make no demand of that nature on your father, since I am well aware that it could not be complied with; and that one thousand pounds in the 4 per cents, which will not be yours till after your mother's decease, is all that you may ever be entitled to. On that head, therefore, I shall be uniformly silent; and you may assure yourself that no ungenerous reproach shall ever pass my lips when we are married."

It was absolutely necessary to interrupt him now.

"You are too hasty, sir," she cried. "You forget that I have made no answer. Let me do it without further loss of time. Accept my thanks for the compliment you are paying me. I am very sensible of the honour of your proposals, but it is impossible for me to do otherwise than decline them."

"I am not now to learn," replied Mr. Collins, with a formal wave of the hand, "that it is usual with young ladies to reject the addresses of the man whom they secretly mean to accept, when he first applies for their favour; and that sometimes

the refusal is repeated a second or even a third time. I am therefore by no means discouraged by what you have just said, and shall hope to lead you to the altar ere long."

"Upon my word, sir," cried Elizabeth, "your hope is rather an extraordinary one after my declaration. I do assure you that I am not one of those young ladies (if such young ladies there are) who are so daring as to risk their happiness on the chance of being asked a second time. I am perfectly serious in my refusal. You could not make me happy, and I am convinced that I am the last woman in the world who would make you so. Nay, were your friend Lady Catherine to know me, I am persuaded she would find me in every respect ill-qualified for the situation."

"Were it certain that Lady Catherine would think so," said Mr. Collins very gravely—"but I cannot imagine that her ladyship would at all disapprove of you. And you may be certain that when I have the honour of seeing her again, I shall speak in the highest terms of your modesty, economy, and other amiable qualifications."

"Indeed, Mr. Collins, all praise of me will be unnecessary. You must give me leave to judge for myself, and pay me the compliment of believing what I say. I wish you very happy and very rich, and by refusing your hand, do all in my power to prevent your being otherwise. In making me the offer, you must have satisfied the delicacy of your feelings with regard to my family, and may take possession of Longbourn estate whenever it falls, without any self-reproach. This matter may be considered, therefore, as finally settled." And rising

as she thus spoke, she would have quitted the room, had not Mr. Collins thus addressed her :

"When I do myself the honour of speaking to you next on the subject, I shall hope to receive a more favourable answer than you have now given me ; though I am far from accusing you of cruelty at present, because I know it to be the established custom of your sex to reject a man on the first application, and perhaps you have even now said as much to encourage my suit as would be consistent with the true delicacy of the female character."

"Really, Mr. Collins," cried Elizabeth with some warmth, "you puzzle me exceedingly. If what I have hitherto said can appear to you in the form of encouragement, I know not how to express my refusal in such a way as may convince you of its being one."

"You must give me leave to flatter myself, my dear cousin, that your refusal of my addresses is merely words of course. My reasons for believing it are briefly these : It does not appear to me that my hand is unworthy of your acceptance, or that the establishment I can offer would be any other than highly desirable. My situation in life, my connexions with the family of de Bourgh, and my relationship to your own, are circumstances highly in my favour ; and you should take it into further consideration, that in spite of your manifold attractions, it is by no means certain that another offer of marriage may ever be made you. Your portion is unhappily so small, that it will in all likelihood undo the effects of your loveliness and amiable qualifications. As I must therefore conclude that you are not serious in your rejection of me, I shall

choose to attribute it to your wish of increasing my love by suspense, according to the usual practice of elegant females."

"I do assure you, sir, that I have no pretensions whatever to that kind of elegance which consists in tormenting a respectable man. I would rather be paid the compliment of being believed sincere. I thank you again and again for the honour you have done me in your proposals, but to accept them is absolutely impossible. My feelings in every respect forbid it. Can I speak plainer? Do not consider me now as an elegant female, intending to plague you, but as a rational creature speaking the truth from her heart."

"You are uniformly charming!" cried he, with an air of awkward gallantry; "and I am persuaded that when sanctioned by the express authority of both your excellent parents, my proposals will not fail of being acceptable."

To such perseverance in wilful self-deception Elizabeth would make no reply, and immediately and in silence withdrew; determined that if he persisted in considering her repeated refusals as flattering encouragement, to apply to her father, whose negative might be uttered in such a manner as must be decisive, and whose behaviour at least could not be mistaken for the affectation and coquetry of an elegant female.

—From *Pride and Prejudice*.

VII. BOSWELL'S MEETING WITH DR. JOHNSON

—*James Boswell.*

MR. THOMAS DAVIES, the actor, who then kept a bookseller's shop in Russel-street, Covent Garden, told me that Johnson was very much his friend, and came frequently to his house, where he more than once invited me to meet him; but by some unlucky accident or other he was prevented from coming to us.

Mr. Thomas Davies was a man of good understanding and talents, with the advantage of a liberal education. Though somewhat pompous, he was an entertaining companion; and his literary performances have no inconsiderable share of merit. He was a friendly and very hospitable man. Both he and his wife (who has been celebrated for her beauty), though upon the stage for many years, maintained an uniform decency of character; and Johnson esteemed them, and lived in as easy an intimacy with them as with any family which he used to visit. Mr. Davies recollected several of Johnson's remarkable sayings, and was one of the best of the many imitators of his voice and manner, while relating them. He increased my impatience more and more to see the extraordinary man whose works I highly valued, and whose conversation was reported to be so peculiarly excellent.

At last, on Monday the 16th of May [1763], when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back-parlour, after

having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies having perceived him through the glass-door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us,—he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, "Look, my Lord, it comes." I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his Dictionary, in the attitude of sitting in his easy-chair in deep meditation; which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua very kindly presented to me, and from which an engraving has been made for this work. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell where I come from."—"From Scotland," cried Davies, roguishly. "Mr. Johnson, (said I) I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky: for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression "come from Scotland," which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, "That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a good deal;

and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: "What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "O, Sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." "Sir, (said he, with a stern look) I have known David Garrick longer than you have done; and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject." Perhaps I deserved this check; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil. I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think, that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardour been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me for ever from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited; and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation, of which I preserved the following short minute without marking the questions and observations by which it was produced.

* * * *

I was highly pleased with the extraordinary vigour of his conversation, and regretted that I was drawn away from it by an engagement at another place. I had, for a part of the evening, been left

alone with him, and had ventured to make an observation now and then, which he received very civilly; so that I was satisfied that though there was a roughness in his manner, there was no ill-nature in his disposition. Davies followed me to the door, and when I complained to him a little of the hard blows which the great man had given me, he kindly took upon him to console me by saying, "Don't be uneasy. I can see he likes you very well."

A few days afterwards I called on Davies, and asked him if he thought I might take the liberty of waiting on Mr. Johnson at his chambers in the Temple. He said I certainly might, and that Mr. Johnson would take it as a compliment. So on Tuesday the 24th of May, after having been enlivened by the witty sallies of Messieurs Thornton, Wilkes, Churchill, and Lloyd, with whom I had passed the morning, I boldly repaired to Johnson. His chambers were on the first floor of No. 1, Inner-Temple-lane, and I entered them with an impression given me by the Reverend Dr. Blair, of Edinburgh, who had been introduced to him not long before, and described his having "found the Giant in his den"; an expression which, when I came to be pretty well acquainted with Johnson, I repeated to him, and he was diverted at this picturesque account of himself. Dr. Blair had been presented to him by Dr. James Fordyce. At this time the controversy concerning the pieces published by Mr. James Macpherson, as translations of Ossian, was at its height. Johnson had all along denied their authenticity: and, what was still more provoking to their admirers, maintained that they had no merit. The subject having been introduced by

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Dr. Fordyce, Dr. Blair, relying on the internal evidence of their antiquity, asked Dr. Johnson whether he thought any man of a modern age could have written such poems. Johnson replied, "Yes, Sir, many men, many women, and many children." Johnson at this time, did not know that Dr. Blair had just published a Dissertation, not only defending their authenticity, but seriously ranking them with the poems of Homer and Virgil; and when he was afterwards informed of this circumstance, he expressed some displeasure at Dr. Fordyce's having suggested the topic, and said, "I am not sorry that they got thus much for their pains. Sir, it was like leading one to talk of a book, when the author is concealed behind the door."

He received me very courteously: but, it must be confessed, that his apartment, and furniture, and morning dress, were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty; he had on a little old shrivelled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt-neck and knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted stockings ill-drawn up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly particularities were forgotten the moment that he began to talk. Some gentlemen, whom I do not recollect, were sitting with him; and when they went away, I also rose; but he said to me, "Nay, don't go."—"Sir, (said I) I am afraid that I intrude upon you. It is benevolent to allow me to sit and hear you." He seemed pleased with this compliment, which I sincerely paid him, and answered, "Sir, I am obliged to any man who visits me."

—*From The Life of Samuel Johnson*

VIII. THE DEATH OF NELSON

—*Robert Southey.*

IT had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of the action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not!" cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied, "my back-bone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately; then—that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from

the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the Battle of Trafalgar.

The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all, except Captain Hardy, the chaplain and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood which he felt momently within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful; "For," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade, to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurrahed; and at every hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer, though sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!" An hour and ten minutes elapsed, from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful, and yet sublimest moment.

"Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy, "ten ships have struck, but five of their van have tacked, and show an intention of bearing down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."—"I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "There was no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he. "I am going fast—it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed, that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh, no!" he replied, "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Captain Hardy then, once more, shook hands with him, and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone: and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast,"—putting his hand on his left side—"which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied: "So great, that he wished he was dead." "Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too!" And after a few minutes, in the same undertone, he added: "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation?" Next to his country, she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned, and again taking the hand of his dying friend and

commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly—but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said, "Anchor, Hardy; anchor." Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy!" said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed, "do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him, in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard," and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then, reverting to private feelings; "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy; take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down, and kissed his cheek, and Nelson said: "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty." Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two; then knelt again and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied: "God bless you, Hardy."

And Hardy then left him—for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said: "I wish I had not left the deck, for I shall soon be gone." Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain: "Doctor, I have *not* been a great sinner"; and, after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton, and

my daughter Horatia, as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he had repeatedly pronounced, and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four,—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

* * * *

The total British losses in the Battle of Trafalgar amounted to 1587. Twenty of the enemy struck; unhappily, the fleet did not anchor, as Nelson, almost with his dying breath, had enjoined; a gale came on from the south-west; some of the prizes went down, some went on shore; one effected its escape into Cadiz; others were destroyed: four only were saved, and those by the greatest exertions. The wounded Spaniards were sent ashore; an assurance being given that they should not serve till regularly exchanged; and the Spaniards, with a generous feeling, which would not, perhaps, have been found in any other people, offered the use of their hospitals for our wounded, pledging the honour of Spain that they should be carefully attended there. When the storm after the action drove some of the prizes upon the coast, they declared that the English who were thus thrown into their hands, should not be considered as prisoners of war; and the Spanish soldiers gave up their own beds to their shipwrecked enemies. The Spanish vice-admiral, Alava, died of his wounds. Villineuve was sent to England, and permitted to return to France. The French Government say that he destroyed himself

on the way to Paris, dreading the consequences of a court-martial; but there is every reason to believe that the tyrant, who never acknowledged the loss of the Battle of Trafalgar, added Villineuve to the numerous victims of his murderous policy.

It is almost superfluous to add, that all the honours which a grateful country could bestow, were heaped upon the memory of Nelson. His brother was made an Earl, with a grant of £6,000 per year; £10,000 were voted to each of his sisters; and £100,000 for the purchase of an estate. A public funeral was decreed, and a public monument. Statues and monuments also were voted by most of our principal cities. The leaden coffin, in which he was brought home, was cut in pieces, which were distributed as relics of Saint Nelson,—so the gunner of the *Victory* called them; and when, at his interment, his flag was about to be lowered into the grave, the sailors, who assisted at the ceremony, with one accord rent it in pieces, that each might preserve a fragment while he lived.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity; men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never, till then, known how deeply we loved and reverenced him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero, the greatest of our own and of all former times, was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the Battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end; the

fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him: the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, public monuments and posthumous rewards, were all which they could now bestow upon him, whom the king, the legislature, and the nation, would alike have delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed: whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have awakened the church bells, have given school boys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and "old men from the chimney corner" to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy: for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas: and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength: for, while Nelson was living, to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening the body, that, in the course of nature, he might have attained, like his father, to

a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented, who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful, that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid, that of the hero in the hour of victory: and if the Chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He had left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example, which are at this hour inspiring hundreds of the youth of England; a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and wise continue to live and to act after them; verifying, in this sense, the language of the old mythologist:

> For gods they are, through high Jove's counsels good,
> Haunting the earth, the guardians of mankind.

—From *The Life of Nelson.*

IX. FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE AT SCUTARI

—*Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch.*

SHE arrived on November 4. Next day was fought the hand-to-hand "soldiers' battle" of Inkerman—"the bloodiest struggle ever witnessed since war cursed the earth," wrote Russell—and before she could begin to cope with the miseries already about her, more were steadily accumulated, day after day and all day long, by the streams of wounded men pouring up from the ferry as the warships disembarked them, many bringing fever and cholera besides their wounds. They packed every inch of space in the vast hospital; many had to lie on the muddy ground outside, waiting until comrades died within and so made room. Medical stores had been sent out by the ton weight, never to reach Scutari. They lay rotting on the shore at Varna, or (an old trick of officialdom) had been packed in the holds of vessels beneath heavy guns and ammunition. These disasters culminated on November 14, when the *Prince* transport, laden with stores, went ashore and was broken up in a furious hurricane.

These were the days—days when all seemed hopeless—that really proved Florence Nightingale; days when she was known to stand for twenty hours at a time, dealing with fresh detachments of sick as they arrived, apportioning quarters, directing the

nurses to their duties. She and her staff had taken up their quarters in a tower at a corner of the great quadrangle, and from her room by little and little the presence of an organizing brain began to make itself felt along the miles of galleries. Fortunately government had given her full authority to back up her own power of command. The orderlies found that they could not scamp their work of inspecting the wards. Woe to one who brought a false report that all was right when Miss Nightingale, who had a knack of finding things out, cross-questioned him and discovered that all was wrong! The orderlies indeed soon became her devoted knights, and endured for her sake toils and vigils that far outwent their "official" duties. "Never," she said afterwards, "came from any one of them one word or one look which a gentleman would not have used . . . The tears come into my eyes as I think how amidst loathsome scenes of disease and death there arose above it all the innate dignity, gentleness, and chivalry of the men, shining in the midst of what must be considered as the lowest sinks of human misery, and preventing instinctively the use of one expression which could distress a gentlewoman."

Even in those terrible early days she personally attended to scores of the worst operations. But for a time her work was done in the turret chamber, whence, as from the "conning-tower" of a modern battleship, the brain in command sent out its orders, bringing system out of confusion. A helpless kitchen, in which the vats seethed with offal that would have disgraced a soap factory, was reduced to cleanliness, to order, finally to such efficiency that

in one day it would turn out thirteen gallons of chicken broth and forty gallons of arrowroot for the sick, with plenty of well-cooked food for the convalescent. Distributors of Government stores had to mend their ways and be punctual. A Levantine who had the washing contract, and broke it so repeatedly that two or three thousand sick lay without a change of linen, found himself superseded. In the course of the first three months Miss Nightingale, from her own resources and her friends', provided ten thousand shirts. Next she set up a laundry in a house hard by the hospital and—with the help of a fund started by the *Times*—had it fitted with ample coppers in which five hundred shirts, to name no other articles, were washed each week. Her nurses were never idle. What time could be spared from the bedsides of the sufferers was employed in tearing up bandages—miles of bandages—making lint, fashioning splints, sewing mattresses and pillows. Possibly more distressful than the condition of the wounded and dying was that of the soldiers' wives, who had been allowed to accompany their husbands to Scutari, and who, left behind there, herded in the squalidest corners of the hospital. For these, too, Florence Nightingale cared. Some were widows, poor souls, and these were by degrees sent home. For the others she did her best, supplying them with food and clothes from her watch-chamber in the tower, organizing work for them—decently paid work—in her new laundry. They had been lodged, after official delays, in three or four dark rooms in the hospital basement: and in these cellars, from November to December, twenty-two children were born. Then fever broke

out, through the bursting of a drain. Finally a Turkish house was procured and furnished out of private funds, and the poor women were lodged there. A school even was opened for the children. By Christmas Day of that bitter Crimean winter the barrack hospitals had been swept of its filth; its inmates lay between clean sheets, and had invalids' food in plenty; and they drank—some of them out of medicine glasses—to the Queen of England, who had sent a Christmas message to her "beloved troops," and to their lady-in-chief.

Fifty additional nurses arrived with the New Year, and were drafted out on various services; for Scutari had a "general" as well as a "barrack" hospital, and there was the Kullali Hospital, across the Bosphorus, and temporary ones at the front. The war had by this time settled down to a sullen siege of Sebastopol, and men were dying now, not of wounds, but from exposure in the icy trenches where sometimes they spent thirty-six hours at a stretch, starved of rations, sleeping—when sleep overtook them—on the frozen mud. Cholera devastated them.

"The cholera was of the very worst type, and the attacked men lasted only four or five hours. Oh, those dreadful cramps! You might as well try to bend a piece of iron as to move those joints."

Against these cramps, as the sufferers were landed after tossing for a day or two on the Black Sea, nurses and orderlies worked heroically, wrapping the patients in blankets steeped in boiling water and sprinkled with chloroform. A very small proportion survived. Streams of stretchers bringing in the stricken men passed streams of stretchers carrying out the dead. There were the frost-bitten

too, from whose feet the boots had to be cut off bit by bit, flesh coming away with the leather. For two months the death-rate stood at 60 per cent. Still fighting through the worst, Florence Nightingale, after the orderlies had retired to snatch some rest, would go her round, lamp in hand, along the endless galleries, moving from bed to bed, here pausing to soothe the delirium of a poor fellow who fancied himself still storming Sebastopol, there taking (and never forgetting) the last message of the dying. As she passed, still holding her lamp, sick men raised themselves to kiss her shadow on their pillows.

As spring came in devoted helpers began to fall —Miss Smythe at Scutari, Sister Winifred at Balaklava, where the cholera had broken out afresh. But at Scutari the back of the work had by this time been broken, as they say. It had endured six months, when on May 2, 1855, Miss Nightingale felt free to take a journey to inspect the hospitals at the actual seat of war. In lovely weather she sailed up the Bosphorus, was welcomed at the harbour of Balaklava by the medical staff, paid a first visit to the hospital and then, with an escort, took a ride to view the siege operations around Sebastopol. Her holiday spirit made her reckless for once; and although a sharp artillery fire was being exchanged, she insisted on entering the trenches and even proceeding to a battery (called the Three Mortar Battery) for a near view of the fortress. With the party rode M. Soyer, the famous chef, who had volunteered in February to come out and reorganize the hospital kitchens. He had done invaluable work, and to-day was in irrepressibly high spirits.

"Before leaving the battery," he records, "I begged Miss Nightingale as a favour to give me her hand, which she did. I then requested her to ascend the stone rampart next the wooden gun carriage, and lastly to sit upon the centre mortar; to which requests she very gracefully and kindly acceded." Having beguiled Miss Nightingale into this position, the gallant Frenchman cried, "Gentlemen! behold this amiable lady sitting fearlessly upon that terrible instrument of war! Behold the heroic daughter of England—the soldiers' friend!" All present shouted. "Bravo! hurrah! hurrah! Long live the daughter of England!" The sentry of the Three Mortar Battery had been aghast at her incurring this peril. "My good young man," said Miss Nightingale, "more dead and wounded have passed through my hands than I hope you will ever see during the whole of your military career. Believe me, I have no fear of death." Yet the sentry was right, and her life too valuable to be lightly risked.

How valuable it was just then could be seen in the consternation that swept through the whole army a few days later, upon a report that Miss Nightingale had taken the Crimean fever. It was true. She had overtaxed her strength in visiting and reorganizing the Balaklava hospitals, and the fever had seized upon her weakness. For twelve days she lay dangerously ill, and on her recovery the doctors advised her returning at once to England. But she would not hear of this, and demanded to be taken back to Scutari, intending, as soon as her convalescence was assured, to return to Balaklava, and take up again the task of reforming the hospitals.

—From *The Roll Call of Honour.*

X. THE RELIEF OF LONDONDERRY

—Lord Macaulay.

BY this time July was far advanced ; and the state of the city was, hour by hour, becoming more frightful. The number of the inhabitants had been thinned more by famine and disease than by the fire of the enemy. Yet that fire was sharper and more constant than ever. One of the gates was beaten in ; one of the bastions was laid in ruins ; but the breaches made by day were repaired by night with indefatigable activity. Every attack was repelled. But the fighting men of the garrison were so much exhausted that they could scarcely keep their legs. Several of them in the act of striking at the enemy, fell down from mere weakness. A very small quantity of grain remained. and was doled out by mouthfuls. The stock of salted hides was considerable, and by gnawing them the garrison appeased the rage of hunger. Dogs, fattened on the blood of the slain who lay unburied round the town, were luxuries which few could afford to purchase. The price of a whelp's paw was five shillings and sixpence. Nine horses were still alive, and but barely alive. They were so lean that little meat was likely to be found upon them. It was, however, determined to slaughter them for food. The people perished so fast that it was impossible for the survivors to perform the rites of sepulture. There was scarcely a cellar in which some corpse was not decaying. Such was the extremity of dis-

tress, that the rats who came to feast in those hideous dens were eagerly hunted and greedily devoured. A small fish, caught in the river, was not to be purchased with money. The only price for which such a treasure could be obtained was some handfuls of oatmeal. Leprosies, such as strange and unwholesome diet engenders, made existence a constant torment. The whole city was poisoned by the stench exhaled from the bodies of the dead and of the half dead. That there should be fits of discontent and insubordination among men enduring such misery was inevitable. At one moment it was suspected that Walker had laid up somewhere a secret store of food, and was revelling in private, while he exhorted others to suffer resolutely for the good cause. His house was strictly examined; his innocence was fully proved: he regained his popularity; and the garrison, with death in near prospect, thronged to the cathedral to hear him preach, drank in his earnest eloquence with delight, and went forth from the house of God with haggard faces and tottering steps, but with spirit still unsubdued. There were, indeed, some secret plottings. A very few obscure traitors opened communications with the enemy. But it was necessary that all such dealings should be carefully concealed. None dared to utter publicly any words, save words of defiance and stubborn resolution. Even in that extremity the general cry was "No surrender." And there were not wanting voices which, in low tones, added, "First the horses and hides; and then the prisoners; and then each other." It was afterwards related, half in jest, yet not without a horrible mixture of earnest, that a corpulent citizen, whose bulk presented a

strange contrast to the skeletons which surrounded him, thought it expedient to conceal himself from the numerous eyes which followed him with cannibal looks whenever he appeared in the streets.

It was no slight aggravation of the sufferings of the garrison that all this time the English ships were seen far off in Lough Foyle. Communication between the fleet and the city was almost impossible. One diver who had attempted to pass the boom was drowned. Another was hanged. The language of signals was hardly intelligible. On the thirteenth of July, however, a piece of paper sewed up in a cloth button came to Walker's hands. It was a letter from Kirke, and contained assurances of speedy relief. But more than a fortnight of intense misery had since elapsed ; and the hearts of the most sanguine were sick with deferred hope. By no art could the provisions be made to hold out two days more. Just at this time Kirke received a dispatch from England, which contained positive orders that Londonderry should be relieved. He accordingly determined to make an attempt which, as far as appears, he might have made, with at least an equally fair prospect of success, six weeks earlier.

Among the merchant ships which had come to Lough Foyle under the convoy, was one called the *Mountjoy*. The master, Micaiah Browning, a native of Londonderry, had brought from England a large cargo of provisions. He had, it is said, repeatedly remonstrated against the inaction of the armament. He now eagerly volunteered to take the first risk of succouring his fellow citizens : and his offer was accepted. Andrew Douglas, master of the *Phœnix*, who had on board a great quantity of meal from

Scotland, was willing to share the danger and the honour. The two merchantmen were to be escorted by the *Dartmouth* frigate of thirty-six guns, commanded by Captain John Leake, afterwards an admiral of great fame.

It was the thirtieth of July. The sun had just set ; the evening sermon in the cathedral was over ; and the heartbroken congregation had separated, when the sentinels on the tower saw the sails of three vessels coming up the Foyle. Soon there was a stir in the Irish camp. The besiegers were on the alert for miles along both shores. The ships were in extreme peril : for the river was low ; and the only navigable channel ran very near to the left bank, where the headquarters of the enemy had been fixed, and where the batteries were most numerous. Leake performed his duty with a skill and spirit worthy of his noble profession, exposed his frigate to cover the merchantmen, and used his guns with great effect. At length the little squadron came to the place of peril. Then the *Mountjoy* took the lead, and went right at the boom. The huge barricade cracked and gave way ; but the shock was such that the *Mountjoy* rebounded, and stuck in the mud. A yell of triumph rose from the banks ; the Irish rushed to their boats, and were preparing to board ; but the *Dartmouth* poured on them a well-directed broadside, which threw them into disorder. Just then the *Phoenix* dashed at the breach which the *Mountjoy* had made, and was in a moment within the fence. Meantime the tide was rising fast. The *Mountjoy* began to move, and soon passed safe through the broken stakes and floating spars. But her brave master was no more. A shot from one

of the batteries had struck him ; and he died by the most enviable of all deaths, in sight of the city which was his birthplace, which was his home, and which had just been saved by his courage and self-devotion from the most frightful form of destruction. The night had closed in before the conflict at the boom began ; but the flash of the guns was seen, and the noise heard by the lean and ghastly multitude which covered the walls of the city. When the *Mountjoy* grounded, and when the shout of triumph rose from the Irish on both sides of the river, the hearts of the besieged died within them. One who endured the unutterable anguish of that moment has told us that they looked fearfully livid in each other's eyes. Even after the barricade had been passed, there was a terrible half hour of suspense. It was ten o'clock before the ships arrived at the quay. The whole population was there to welcome them. A screen made of casks filled with earth was hastily thrown up to protect the landing place from the batteries on the other side of the river ; and then the work of unloading began. First were rolled on shore barrels containing six thousand bushels of meal. Then came great cheeses, casks of beef, flitches of bacon, kegs of butter, sacks of pease and biscuit, ankers of brandy. Not many hours before, half a pound of tallow and three-quarters of a pound of salted hide had been weighed out with niggardly care to every fighting man. The ration which each now received was three pounds of flour, two pounds of beer, and a pint of pease. It is easy to imagine with what tears grace was said over the suppers of that evening. There was little sleep on either side of the wall. The bonfires shone bright along the

whole circuit of the ramparts. The Irish guns continued to roar all night; and all night the bells of the rescued city made answer to the Irish guns with a peal of joyous defiance. Through the whole of the thirty-first of July the batteries of the enemy continued to play. But, soon after the sun had again gone down, flames were seen arising from the camp; and, when the first of August dawned, a line of smoking ruins marked the site lately occupied by the huts of the besiegers; and the citizens saw far off the long column of pikes and standards retreating up the left bank of the Foyle towards Strabane.

So ended this great siege, the most memorable in the annals of the British Isles. It had lasted a hundred and five days. The garrison had been reduced from about seven thousand effective men to about three thousand. The loss of the besiegers cannot be precisely ascertained. Walker estimated it at eight thousand men. It is certain from the dispatches of Avaux that the regiments which returned from the blockade had been so much thinned that many of them were not more than two hundred strong. Of thirty-six French gunners who had superintended the cannonading, thirty-one had been killed or disabled.

The means both of attack and of defence had undoubtedly been such as would have moved the great warriors of the Continent to laughter; and this is the very circumstance which gives so peculiar an interest to the history of the contest. It was a contest, not between engineers, but between nations; and the victory remained with the nation which, though inferior in number, was superior in civiliza-

tion, in capacity for self-government, and in stubbornness of resolution.

As soon as it was known that the Irish army had retired, a deputation from the city hastened to Lough Foyle, and invited Kirke to take the command. He came accompanied by a long train of officers, and was received in state by the two Governors, who delivered up to him the authority which, under the pressure of necessity, they had assumed. He remained only a few days : but he had time to show enough of the incurable vices of his character to disgust a population distinguished by austere morals and ardent public spirit. There was, however, no outbreak. The city was in the highest good humour. Such quantities of provisions had been landed from the fleet, that there was in every house a plenty never before known. A few days earlier a man had been glad to obtain for twenty pence a mouthful of carrion scraped from the bones of a starved horse. A pound of good beef was now sold for three halfpence. Meanwhile all hands were busied in removing corpses which had been thinly covered with earth, in filling up the holes which the shells had ploughed in the ground, and in repairing the battered roofs of the houses. The recollection of past dangers and privations, and the consciousness of having deserved well of the English nation and of all Protestant Churches swelled the hearts of the townspeople with honest pride. That pride grew stronger when they received from William a letter acknowledging in the most affectionate language, the debt which he owed to the brave and trusty citizens of his good city. The whole population crowded to the Diamond to hear the royal epistle

read. At the close all the guns on the ramparts sent forth a voice of joy ; all the ships in the river made answer ; barrels of ale were broken up ; and the health of their Majesties was drunk with shouts and volleys of musketry.

—From *The History of England.*

XI. FIRE SHIPS IN CALAIS HARBOUR

—James Anthony Froude.

AFTER a week so trying the Spanish crews would have been glad of a Sunday's rest if they could have had it, but the rough handling which they had gone through had thrown everything into disorder. The sick and wounded had to be cared for, torn rigging looked to, splintered timbers mended, decks scoured, and guns and arms cleaned up and put to rights. And so it was that no rest could be allowed; so much had to be done, and so busy was everyone, that the usual rations were not served out and the Sunday was kept as a fast. In the afternoon the stewards went ashore for fresh meat and vegetables. They came back with their boats loaded, and the prospect seemed a little less gloomy. Suddenly, as the Duke and a group of officers were watching the English fleet from the *San Martin's* poop deck, a small smart pinnace, carrying a gun in her bow, shot out from Howard's lines, bore down on the *San Martin*, sailed round her, sending in a shot or two as she passed, and went off unhurt. The Spanish officers could not help admiring such airy impertinence. Hugo de Moncada sent a ball after the pinnace, which went through her mainsail, but did no damage, and the pinnace again disappeared behind the English ships.

So a Spanish officer describes the scene. The English story says nothing of the pinnace; but she doubtless came and went as the Spaniard says, and

for sufficient purpose. The English, too, were in straits, though the Duke did not dream of it. You will remember that the last supplies which the Queen had allowed to the fleet had been issued in the middle of June. They were to serve for a month, and the contractors were forbidden to prepare more. The Queen had clung to her hope that her differences with Philip were to be settled by the Commission at Ostend ; and she feared that if Drake and Howard were too well furnished they would venture some fresh rash stroke on the coast of Spain, which might mar the negotiations. Their month's provisions had been stretched to serve for six weeks, and when the Armada appeared but two full days' rations remained. On these they had fought their way up the Channel. Something had been brought out by private exertion on the Dorsetshire coast, and Seymour had, perhaps brought a little more. But they were still in extremity. The contractors had warned the Government that they could provide nothing without notice, and notice had not been given. The adventurers were in better state, having been equipped by private owners. But the Queen's ships in a day or two more must either go home or their crews would be starving. They had been on reduced rations for near two months. Worse than that, they were still poisoned by the sour beer. The Queen had changed her mind so often, now ordering the fleet to prepare for sea, then recalling her instructions and paying off the men, that those whom Howard had with him had been enlisted in haste, had come on board as they were and their clothes were hanging in rags on them. The fighting and the sight of the flying

Spaniards were meat and drink, and clothing too, and had made them careless of all else. There was no fear of mutiny; but there was a limit to the toughest endurance. If the Armada was left undisturbed a long struggle might be still before them. The enemy would recover from its flurry, and Parma would come out from Dunkirk. To attack them directly in French waters might lead to perilous complications, while delay meant famine. The Spanish fleet had to be started from the roads in some way. Done, it must be, and done immediately.

Then, on that same Sunday afternoon a memorable council of war was held in the *Ark's* main cabin. Howard, Drake, Seymour, Hawkins, Martin Frobisher, and two or three others met to consult, knowing that on them at that moment the liberties of England were depending. Their resolution was taken promptly. There was no time for talk. After nightfall a strong flood tide would be setting up along shore to the Spanish anchorage. They would try what could be done with fire-ships, and the excursion of the pinnace, which was taken for bravado, was probably for a survey of the Armada's exact position. Meantime eight useless vessels were coated with pitch—hulls, spars, and rigging. Pitch was poured on the decks and over the sides, and parties were told off to steer them to their destination and then fire and leave them.

The hours stole on, and twilight passed into dark. The night was without a moon. The Duke paced his deck late with uneasy sense of danger. He observed lights moving up and down the English lines, and imagining that the *endemoniada gente*—the infernal devils—might be up to mischief, ordered

a sharp look-out. A faint westerly air was curling the water, and towards midnight the watchers on board the galleons made out dimly several ships which seemed to be drifting down upon them. Their experience since the action off Plymouth had been so strange and unlooked for that anything unintelligible which the English did was alarming.

The phantom forms drew nearer, and were almost among them when they broke into a blaze from water-line to truck, and the two fleets were seen by the lurid light of the conflagration; the anchorage, the walls and windows of Calais, and the sea shining red far as eye could reach, as if the ocean itself was burning. Among the dangers which they might have to encounter, English fireworks had been especially dreaded by the Spaniards. Fire-ships—a fit device of heretics—had worked havoc among the Spanish troops, when the bridge was blown up, at Antwerp. They imagined that similar infernal machines were approaching the Armada. A capable commander would have sent a few launches to grapple the burning bulks, which of course were now deserted, and tow them out of harm's way. Spanish sailors were not cowards, and would not have flinched from duty because it might be dangerous; but the Duke and Diego Florez lost their heads again. A signal gun from the *San Martin* ordered the whole fleet to slip their cables and stand out to sea.

Orders given in panic are doubly unwise, for they spread the terror in which they originate. The danger from the fire-ships was chiefly from the effect on the imagination, for they appear to have drifted by and done no real injury. And it speaks

well for the seamanship and courage of the Spaniards that they were able, crowded together as they were, at midnight and in sudden alarm to set their canvas and clear out without running into one another. They buoyed their cables, expecting to return for them at daylight, and with only a single accident, to be mentioned directly, they executed successfully a really difficult manoeuvre.

—From *English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century.*

XII. A LETTER TO REV. JOHN NEWTON

—William Cowper.

March 29, 1784.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It being his majesty's pleasure that I should yet have another opportunity to write before he dissolves the parliament, I avail myself of it with all possible alacrity. I thank you for your last, which was not the less welcome for coming, like an extraordinary gazette, at a time when it was not expected.

As when the sea is uncommonly agitated, the water finds its way into creeks and holes of rocks, which in its calmer state it never reaches, in like manner the effect of these turbulent times is felt even at Orchard side, where in general we live as undisturbed by the political element, as shrimps or cockles that have been accidentally deposited in some hollow beyond the water mark, by the usual dashing of the waves. We were sitting yesterday after dinner, the two ladies and myself, very composedly, and without the least apprehension of any such intrusion in our snug parlour, one lady knitting, the other netting, and the gentleman winding worsted, when to our unspeakable surprise a mob appeared before the window ; a smart rap was heard at the door ; the boys halloo'd, and the maid announced Mr. Grenville. Puss was unfortunately let out of her box, so that the candidate, with all his good friends at his heels, was refused admittance at the grand entry, and referred to the back door, as the only possible way of approach.

Candidates are creatures not very susceptible of affronts, and would rather, I suppose, climb in at a window, than be absolutely excluded. In a minute, the yard, the kitchen, and the parlour, were filled. Mr. Grenville, advancing toward me, shook me by the hand with a degree of cordiality that was extremely seducing. As soon as he and as many more as could find chairs were seated, he began to open the intent of his visit. I told him I had no vote, for which he readily gave me credit. I assured him I had no influence, which he was not equally inclined to believe, and the less, no doubt, because Mr. Ashburner, the draper, addressing himself to me at this moment, informed me that I had a great deal. Supposing that I could not be possessed of such a treasure without knowing it, I ventured to confirm my first assertion, by saying, that if I had any I was utterly at a loss to imagine where it could be, or wherein it consisted. Thus ended the conference. Mr. Grenville squeezed me by the hand again, kissed the ladies, and withdrew. He kissed likewise the maid in the kitchen, and seemed upon the whole a most loving, kissing, kind-hearted gentleman. He is very young, genteel, and handsome. He has a pair of very good eyes in his head, which not being sufficient as it should seem for the many nice and difficult purposes of a senator, he has a third also, which he wore suspended by a riband from his button-hole. The boys halloo'd, the dogs barked, Puss scampered, the hero, with his long train of obsequious followers, withdrew. We made ourselves very merry with the adventure, and in a short time settled into our former tranquillity, never probably to be thus interrupted more. I thought myself,

however, happy in being able to affirm truly that I had not that influence for which he sued and ; which, had I been possessed of it, with my present views of the dispute between the Crown and the Commons, I must have refused him, for he is on the side of the former. It is comfortable to be of no consequence in a world where one cannot exercise any without disobliging somebody. The town, however, seems to be much at his service, and if he be equally successful throughout the country, he will undoubtedly gain his election. Mr. Ashburner perhaps was a little mortified, because it was evident that I owed the honour of this visit to his misrepresentation of my importance. But had he thought proper to assure Mr. Grenville that I had three heads, I should not I suppose have been bound to produce them . .

—*W. C.*

XIII. HAZLITT'S LETTER TO HIS SON

MY DEAR LITTLE FELLOW,

You are now going to settle at school, and may consider this as your first entrance into the world. As my health is so indifferent, and I may not be with you long, I wish to leave you some advice (the best I can) for your conduct in life, both that it may be of use to you, and as something to remember me by. I may at least be able to caution you against my own errors, if nothing else.

As we went along to your new place of destination, you often repeated that you durst say that they were a set of stupid, disagreeable people, meaning the people at the school. You were to blame in this. It is a good old rule to hope for the best. Always, my dear, believe things to be right till you find them the contrary: and even then, instead of irritating yourself against them, endeavour to put up with them as well as you can, if you cannot alter them. You said you were sure you should not like the school where you were going. This was wrong. What you meant was that you did not like to leave home. But you could not tell whether you should like the school or not, till you had given it a trial. Otherwise, your saying that you should not like it was determining that you would not like it. Never anticipate evils; or, because you cannot have things exactly as you wish, make them out worse than they are, through mere spite and wilfulness.

You seemed at first to take no notice of your school-fellows, or rather to set yourself against them, because they were strangers to you. They knew

as little of you as you did of them; so that this would have been a reason for their keeping aloof from you as well, which you would have felt as a hardship. Learn never to conceive a prejudice against others because you know nothing of them. It is bad reasoning, and makes enemies of half the world. Do not think ill of them till they behave ill to you; and then strive to avoid the faults which you see in them. This will disarm their hostility sooner than pique or resentment or complaint.

I thought you were disposed to criticize the dress of some of the boys as not so good as your own. Never despise anyone for anything that he cannot help—least of all, for his poverty. I would wish you to keep up appearances yourself as a defence against the idle sneers of the world, but I would not have you value yourself upon them. I hope you will neither be the dupe or victim of vulgar prejudices. Instead of saying above, "Never despise anyone for anything that he cannot help," I might have said, "Never despise anyone at all;" for contempt implies a triumph over and pleasure in the ill of another. It seems that you are glad and congratulate yourself on their failings or misfortunes.

You complain since, that the boys laugh at you and do not care about you, and that you are not treated as you were at home. My dear, that is one chief reason for your being sent to school, to inure you betimes to the unavoidable rubs and uncertain reception you may meet with in life. You cannot always be with me, and perhaps it is as well that you cannot. But you must not expect others to show the same concern about you as I should. You

have hitherto been a spoilt child, and have been used to have your own way a good deal, both in the house and among your playfellows, with whom you were too fond of being a leader ; but you have good-nature and good sense, and will get the better of this in time. You have now got among other boys who are your equals, or bigger and stronger than yourself, and who have something else to attend to besides humouring your whims and fancies, and you feel this as a repulse or piece of injustice. But the first lesson to learn is that there are other people in the world besides yourself.

There are a number of boys in the school where you are, whose amusements and pursuits (whatever they may be) are and ought to be of as much consequence to them as yours can be to you, and to which therefore you must give way in your turn. The more airs of childish self-importance you give yourself, you will only expose yourself to be the more thwarted and laughed at. True equality is the only true morality or true wisdom. Remember always that you are but one among others, and you can hardly mistake your place in society. In your father's house you might do as you pleased : in the world you will find competitors at every turn. You are not born a king's son, to destroy or dictate to millions : you can only expect to share their fate, or settle your differences amicably with them. You already find it so at school, and I wish you to be reconciled to your situation as soon and with as little pain as you can.

I am, dear little fellow,
Your affectionate father,
W. HAZLITT.

XIV. MY FATHER, DO NOT REST!

—*Sarojini Naidu.*

LIKE Christ of old on the third day he has risen again in answer to the cry of his people and the call of the world for the continuance of his guidance, his love, his service and inspiration. And while we all mourn, those who loved him, knew him personally, and those to whom his name was but a miracle and a legend, though we are all full of tears and though we are full of sorrow on this third day when he has risen from his own ashes, I feel that sorrow is out of place and tears become a blasphemy. How can he die, who through his life and conduct and sacrifice, who through his love and courage and faith has taught the world that the spirit matters, not the flesh, that the spirit has the power greater than the powers of the combined armies of the earth, combined armies of the ages? He was small, frail, without money, without even the full complement of garment to cover his body, not owning even as much earth as might be held on the point of a needle, how was he so much stronger than the forces of violence, the might of empires and the grandeur of embattled forces in the world? Why was it that this little man, this tiny man, this man with a child's body, this man so ascetic, living on the verge of starvation by choice so as to be more in harmony with the life of the poor, how was it that he exercised over the entire world, of those who revered him and those who hated him, such power as emperors could never wield?

It was because he did not care for applause; he did not care for censure. He only cared for the path of righteousness. He cared only for the ideals that he preached and practised. And in the midst of the most terrible disasters caused by violence and greed of men, when the abuse of the world was heaped up like dead leaves, dead flowers on battlefields, his faith never swerved in his ideal of non-violence. He believed that though the whole world slaughter itself and the whole world's blood be shed still his non-violence would be the authentic foundation of the new civilization of the world and he believed that "he who seeks his life shall lose it and he who loses his life shall find it."

His first fast in 1924 with which I was associated was for the cause of Hindu-Muslim unity. It had the sympathy of the entire nation. His last fast was also for the cause of Hindu-Muslim unity, but the whole nation was not with him in that fast. It had grown so divided, it had grown so bitter, it had grown so full of hate and suspicion, it had grown so untrue towards the tenets of the various creeds in this country that it was only a section of those who understood the Mahatma, who realised the meaning of that fast. It was very evident that the nation was divided in its loyalty to him in that fast. It was very evident that it was not any community but his that disapproved so violently and showed its anger and resentment in such a dastardly fashion. Alas for the Hindu community, that the greatest Hindu of them all, the only Hindu of our age who was so absolutely and unswervingly true to the doctrine, to the ideals, the philosophy of Hinduism, should have been slain by the hand of

a Hindu! That indeed, that indeed is almost the epitaph of the Hindu faith that the hand of a Hindu in the name of Hindu rights and a Hindu world should sacrifice the noblest of them all. But it does not matter. It is a personal grief, that is, loss day in and day out, year in and year out, for many of us who cannot forget, because for more than thirty years some of us have been so closely associated with him that our lives and his life were an integral part of one another. Some of us are indeed dead to the faith; some of us indeed have had vivisection performed on us by his death, because fibres of our being, because our muscles, veins and heart and blood were all intertwined with his life.

But, as I say, it would be the act of faithless deserters if we were to yield to despair. If we were indeed to believe that he is dead, if we were to believe that all is lost, because he has gone, of what avail would be our love and our faith? Of what avail would be our loyalty to him if we dare to believe that all is lost because his body is gone from our midst? Are we not there, his heirs, his spiritual descendants, the legatees of his great ideals, successors of his great work? Are we not there to implement that work and enhance it and enrich and make greater achievements by joint efforts than he could have made singly? Therefore, I say the time is over for private sorrow.

The time is over for beating of breasts and tearing of hair. The time is here and now when we stand up and say, "We take up the challenge", to those who defied Mahatma Gandhi. We are the carriers of his banner before an embattled world. Our banner is truth. Our shield is non-violence.

Our sword is a sword of the spirit that conquers without blood. Let the peoples of India rise up and wipe their tears, rise up and still their sobs, rise up and be full of hope and full of cheer. Let us borrow from him—why borrow ? he has handed it to us—the radiance of his own personality, the glory of his own courage, the magnificent epic of his character. Shall we not follow in the footsteps of our master ? Shall we not obey the mandates of our father ? Shall not we his soldiers carry his battle to triumph ? Shall we not give to the world the completed message of Mahatma Gandhi ? Though his voice will not speak again, have we not a million, million voices to bear his message to the world, not only to this world, to our contemporaries, but to the world generation after generation ? Shall sacrifice be in vain ? Shall his blood be shed for futile purposes of mourning ? Or, shall we not use that blood as a *tilak* on our foreheads, the emblem of his legion of peace-loving soldiers to save the world ? Here and now, here and now, I for one, before the world that listens to my quivering voice, pledge myself and you, as I pledged myself more than thirty years ago, to the service of the undying Mahatma.

What is death ? My own father, dying, just before his death with the premonition of death on him, said : "There is no birth. There is no death. There is only the soul seeking higher and higher stages of truth". Mahatma Gandhi who lived for truth in this world has been translated, though by the hand of an assassin, to a higher stage of the truth which he sought. Shall we not take up his place ? Shall not our united strength be strong

enough to preach and practise his great message for the world ? I am here one of the lowliest of his soldiers, but along with me I know are his beloved disciples like Jawaharlal Nehru, like his trusted followers and friends Vallabhbhai Patel, Rajendra Babu, who was like St. John in the bosom of Christ, and those others of his associates who at a moment's notice flew from all ends of India to make their last homage at his feet. Shall we not all take up his message and fulfil it ? I used to wonder very often during his many fasts in which I was privileged to serve him, to solace him, to make him laugh, because he wanted the tonic laughter of his friends —I used to wonder, supposing he died in Sevagram, supposing he died in Noakhali, supposing he died in some far-off place, how should we reach him ? It is therefore right and appropriate that he died in the city of kings, in the ancient site of the old Hindu empires, in the site on which was builded the glory of the Moghuls, in this place that he made India's capital, wresting it from foreign hands, it is right that he died in Delhi ; it is right that his cremation took place in the midst of the dead kings who are buried in Delhi, for he was the kingliest of all kings. And it is right also that he who was the apostle of peace should have been taken to the cremation ground with all the honours of a great warrior ; far greater than all warriors who led armies to battle was this little man, the bravest, the most triumphant of all. Delhi is not only today historically the Delhi of seven kingdoms ; it has become the centre and the sanctuary of the greatest revolutionary who emancipated his enslaved country from foreign bondage and gave to it its freedom

and its flag. May the soul of my master, my leader, my father rest not in peace, not in peace, but let his ashes be so dynamically alive, the charred ashes of the sandalwood, let the powder of his bones be so charged with life and inspiration, that the whole of India will after his death be revitalised into the reality of freedom.

My father, do not rest. Do not allow us to rest. Keep us to our pledge. Give us strength to fulfil our promise, your heirs, your descendants, your stewards, the guardians of your dreams, the fulfillers of India's destiny. You, whose life was so powerful, make it so powerful in your death; far from mortality, you have passed mortality by a supreme martyrdom in the cause most dear to you.

—Broadcast Address from Delhi Station on February 1, 1948.

XV. AN APPEAL TO THE NATION

—Winston Churchill.

DURING the last fortnight the British Navy, in addition to blockading what is left of the German Fleet and chasing the Italian Fleet, has had imposed upon it the sad duty of putting effectually out of action for the duration of the war the capital ships of the French Navy. These, under the armistice terms signed in the railway coach at Compiegne, would have been placed within the power of Nazi Germany. The transference of these ships to Hitler would have endangered the security both of Great Britain and the United States. We therefore had no choice but to act as we did, and to act forthwith.

Our painful task is now completed. Although the unfinished battleship *Jean Bart* still rests in a Moroccan harbour, and there are a number of French warships at Toulon and in various French ports all over the world, these are not in a condition or of such a character as to derange our preponderance of naval power. As long, therefore, as they make no attempt to turn to ports controlled by Germany or Italy we shall not molest them in any way. That melancholy phase in our relations with France has, so far as we are concerned, come to an end.

Let us think rather of the future. Today is the Fourteenth of July, the National Festival of France. A year ago in Paris I watched the stately parade down the Champs-Elysees of the French Army and

the French Empire. Who could foresee what the course of a year would bring? Who can foresee what the course of other years will bring? Faith is given to us as a help and comfort when we stand in awe before the unfurling scroll of human destiny. And I proclaim my faith that some of us will live to see a Fourteenth of July when a liberated France will once again rejoice in her greatness and in her glory, and once again stand forward as the champion of the freedom and the rights of man. When that day dawns, as dawn it will, the soul of France will turn with comprehension and kindness to those Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, wherever they may be, who in the darkest hour did not despair of the Republic.

In the meantime we shall not waste our breath or cumber our thought with reproaches. When you have a friend and comrade at whose side you have faced tremendous struggles, and your friend is smitten down by a stunning blow, it may be necessary to make sure that the weapon that has fallen from his hands shall not be added to the resources of your common enemy. But you need not bear malice because of your friend's cries of delirium and gestures of agony. You must not add to his pain. You must work for his recovery. The association of interests remains. So long as our cause remains, duty inescapable remains. So long as our pathway to victory is not impeded, we are ready to discharge such offices of goodwill towards the French Government as may be possible, and to foster the trade and help the administration of those parts of the great French Empire which are now cut off from captive France but which maintain their freedom.

Subject to the iron demands of the war which we are waging against Hitler and all his works, we shall try so to conduct ourselves that every true French heart will beat and glow at the way we carry on the struggle; and that not only France, but all the oppressed countries of Europe, may feel that each British victory is a step towards the liberation of the Continent from the foulest thraldom into which it has ever been cast.

All goes to show that the war will be long and hard; no one can tell where it will spread. One thing is certain, the peoples of Europe will not be ruled for long by the Nazi Gestapo, nor will the world yield itself to Hitler's gospel of hatred, appetite and domination.

And now it has come to us to stand alone in the breach, and face the worst that the tyrant's might and enmity can do. Bearing ourselves humbly before God, but conscious that we serve an unfolding purpose, we are ready to defend our native land against the invasion by which it is threatened. We are fighting by ourselves alone; but we are not fighting for ourselves alone. Here in this strong city of refuge, which enshrines the title-deeds of human progress, and is of deep consequence to Christian civilization; here, girt about by the seas and oceans where the Navy reigns, shielded from above by the prowess and devotion of our airmen, we await undismayed the impending assault.

Perhaps it will come tonight. Perhaps it will come next week. Perhaps it will never come. We must show ourselves equally capable of meeting a sudden violent shock, or, what is perhaps a harder test, a prolonged vigil. But be the ordeal

sharp or long, or both, we shall seek no terms, we shall tolerate no parley. We may show mercy, but we shall ask none.

I can easily understand how sympathetic onlookers across the Atlantic, or anxious friends in the yet unravaged countries of Europe, may have feared for our survival when they saw so many States and Kingdoms torn to pieces in a few weeks or even days, by the monstrous force of the Nazi war machine. But Hitler has not yet been withstood by a great nation with a will-power the equal of his own. Many of these countries have been poisoned by intrigue before they were struck down by violence. They have been rotted from within before they were smitten from without. How else can you explain what has happened to France, to the French Army, to the French People, to the leaders of the French People ?

But here in our island we are in good health and in good heart. We have seen how Hitler prepared in scientific detail the plans for destroying the neighbour countries of Germany. He had his plans for Poland, and his plans for Norway. He had his plans for Denmark. He had his plans all worked out for the doom of the peaceful, trustful Dutch. And of course for the Belgians. We have seen how the French were undermined and overthrown. We may therefore be sure that there is a plan, perhaps built up over years, for destroying Great Britain, which, after all, has the honour to be his main and foremost enemy. All I can say is, that any plan for invading Britain which he had made two months ago must have had to be entirely recast in order to meet our new position.

Two months ago, nay, one month ago, our first and main effort was to keep our best army in France. All our regular troops, all our output of munitions, and a very large part of our Air Force, had to be sent to France and maintained in action there. But now we have it all at home. Never before, in the last war or in this, have we had in this island an army comparable in quality, equipment, or numbers, to that which stands here on guard to-night. We have a million and a half men in the British Army under arms to-night, and every week of June and July has seen their organization, their defences, and their striking power, advance by leaps and bounds. No praise is too high for the officers and men—ay, and civilians—who have made this immense transformation in so short a time. Behind these, as a means of destruction for parachutists, air-borne invaders, and any traitors that may be found in our midst—and I do not believe they are many, and they will get short shrift—we have more than a million of the Local Defence Volunteers, or, as they are much better called, the Home Guard. These officers and men, a large proportion of whom have been through the last war, have the strongest desire to attack and come to close quarters with the enemy, wherever he may appear.

Should the invader come, there will be no placid lying down of the people in submission before him, as we have seen—alas!—in other countries. We shall defend every village, every town, and every city. The vast mass of London itself, fought street by street, could easily devour an entire hostile army, and we would rather see

London laid in ruins and ashes than that it should be tamely and abjectly enslaved. I am bound to state these facts, because it is necessary to inform our people of our intentions and thus to reassure them.

This has been a great week for the Royal Air Force and the Fighter Command. They have shot down more than five to one of the German aircraft which have tried to molest our convoys in the Channel or ventured to cross the British coastline. These are, of course, only the preliminary encounters to the great air battles which lie ahead; but I know of no reason why we should be discontented with the results so far achieved, although we hope to improve upon them as the fighting becomes more widespread and comes more inland. Around all lies the power of the Royal Navy, with our thousand armed ships under the White Ensign, patrolling the seas, capable of transferring its force very readily to any part of the British Empire which may be threatened—capable also of keeping open our communications with the New World, from whom, as the struggle deepens, increasing aid will come. Is it not remarkable that after ten months of unlimited U-boat and air attack upon our commerce, our food reserves are higher than they have ever been, and we have a substantially larger tonnage under our own flag, apart from great numbers of foreign ships in our control, than we had at the beginning of the war?

Why do I dwell on this? Not, surely, to induce any slackening of effort or vigilance. On the contrary, these must be redoubled, and we must prepare, not only for the summer, but for the winter

—not only for 1941, but for 1942, when the war will, I trust, take a different form from the defensive in which it has hitherto been found. I dwell on these elements in our strength, on these reserves which we have mobilized, because it is right to show that the good cause can command means of survival, and that while we toil through the dark valley we can see the sunlight on the uplands beyond.

I stand at the head of a Government representing all parties in the State, all creeds, all classes, every recognizable section of opinion. We are ranged beneath the Crown of our ancient Monarchy. We are supported by a free Parliament and a free Press. But there is one bond which unites us all and sustains us in the public regard—namely, as is increasingly becoming known, we are prepared to proceed to all extremities, to endure them, and to enforce them. That is our bond of union. For this bond we shall keep nothing back, and we shall go all lengths.

Thus only in times like these can nations preserve their freedom; thus only can they uphold the cause entrusted to their care. But all depends now upon the whole life-strength of the British race in every part of the world, and of all our associated peoples, and of all our well-wishers in every land, doing their utmost night and day, giving all, daring all, enduring all, to the utmost, to the end. This is no war of chieftains or of princes, of dynasties or national ambitions. It is a war of peoples and of causes. There are vast numbers, not only in this island but in every land, who will render faithful service in this way, but whose names will never be known, whose deeds will never be record-

ed. This is the war of the Unknown Warriors. But let all strive without failing in faith or in duty, and the dark curse of Hitler will be lifted from our age.

—*A Broadcast Talk on* 14*th July*, 1940.

XVI. A STRIKE-LEADER'S SPEECH

—John Galsworthy.

ROBERTS: You don't want to hear me, then? You'll listen to Rous and to that old man, but not to me. You'll listen to Sim Harness of the Union that's treated you *so fair*; may be you'll listen to those men from London? Ah! You groan! What for? You love their feet on your necks, don't you? (*Then as Bulgin elbows his way towards the platform with calm pathos.*) You'd like to break my jaw, John Bulgin. Let me speak, then do your smashing, if it gives you pleasure. (*Bulgin stands motionless and sullen.*) Am I a liar, a coward, a traitor? If only I were, you'd listen to me, I'm sure. (*The murmurings cease, and there is now dead silence.*) Is there a man of you here that has less to gain by striking? Is there a man of you that had more to lose? Is there a man of you that has given up eight hundred pounds since this trouble here began? Come now, is there? How much has Thomas given up—ten pounds or five, or what? You listened to him, and what had he to say? "None can pretend," he said, "that I'm not a believer in principle—(*with biting irony*)—but when Nature says: 'No further, 'tes going agenst Nature'." *I* tell you if a man cannot say to Nature: "Budge me from this if ye can!"—(*With a sort of exaltation*)—his principles are but his belly. "Oh, but," Thomas says, "a man can be pure and honest, just and merciful, and take off his hat to Nature!" *I* tell

you Nature's neither pure nor honest, just nor merciful. You chaps that live over the hill, an' go home dead beat in the dark on a snowy night—don't ye fight your way every inch of it? Do ye go lyin' down an' trustin' to the tender mercies of this merciful Nature? Try it and you'll soon know with what ye've got to deal. 'Tes only by that—(*he strikes a blow with his clenched fist*)—in Nature's face that a man can be a man. "Give in," says Thomas, "go down on your knees; throw up your foolish fight, an' perhaps," he said, "perhaps your enemy will chuck you down a crust."

Jago: Never!

Evans: Curse them!

Thomas: I never said that.

Roberts: (*Bitingly.*) If ye did not say it, man, ye meant it. An' what did ye say about Chapel? "Chapel's against it," ye said. "She's against it!" Well, if Chapel and Nature go hand in hand, it's the first I've ever heard of it. That young man there—(*pointing to Rous*)—said I 'ad 'ell fire on my tongue. If I had I would use it all to scorch and wither this talking of surrender. Surrendering's the work of cowards and traitors.

Henry Rous: (*As George Rous moves forward.*) Go for him, George—don't stand his lip!

Roberts: (*Flinging out his finger.*) Stop there, George Rous, it's no time this to settle personal matters. (*Rous stops*). But there was one other spoke to you—Mr. Simon Harness. We have not much to thank Mr. Harness and the Union for. They said to us, "Desert your mates, or we'll desert you." An' they did desert us.

Evans: They did.

Roberts: Mr. Simon Harness is a clever man, but he has come too late. (*With intense conviction.*) For all that Mr. Simon Harness says, for all that Thomas, Rous, for all that any man present here can say—*We've won the fight!*—(*The crowd sags nearer, looking eagerly up. With withering scorn*)—You've felt the pinch o't in your bellies. You've forgotten what that fight 'as been; many times I have told you; I will tell you now this once again. The fight o' the country's body and blood against a blood-sucker. The fight of those that spend their-selves with every blow they strike and every breath they draw, against a thing that fattens on them, and grows and grows by the law of *merciful* Nature. That thing is Capital! A thing that buys the sweat o' men's brows, and the tortures o' their brains, at its own price. *Don't I* know that? Wasn't the work o' *my* brains bought for seven hundred pounds, and hasn't one hundred thousand pounds been gained them by that seven hundred without the stirring of a finger? It is a thing that will take as much and give you as little as it can. That's *Capital*! A thing that will say —"I'm very sorry for you, poor fellows—you have a cruel time of it, I know," but will not give one sixpence of its dividends to help you have a better time. That's Capital! Tell me, for all their talk is there one of them that will consent to another penny on the Income Tax to help the poor? That's Capital! A white-faced, stony-hearted monster! Ye have got it on its knees; are ye to give up at the last minute to save your miserable bodies pain? When I went this morning to those old men from London, I looked into their very 'earts.

One of them was sitting there—Mr. Scantlebury, a mass of flesh nourished on us: sittin' there for all the world like the shareholders in this Company, that sit not moving tongue nor finger, takin' dividends—a great dumb ox that can only be roused when its food is threatened. I looked into his eyes and I saw *he was afraid*—afraid for himself and his dividends, afraid for his fees, afraid of the very shareholders he stands for; and all but one of them's afraid—like children that get into a wood at night, and start at every rustle of the leaves. I ask you, men—(*He pauses, holding out his hand till there is utter silence.*)—Give me a free hand to tell them: "Go you back to London. The men have nothing for you!" (*A murmuring.*) Give me that, an' I swear to you, within a week you shall have from London all you want.

Evans, Jago and Others: A free hand! Give him a free hand! Bravo—bravo!

Roberts: 'Tis not for this little moment of time we're fighting—(*The murmuring dies.*)—not for ourselves, our own little bodies, and their wants, 'tis for all those that come after throughout all time. (*With intense sadness.*) Oh! men—for the love o' them, don't roll up another stone upon their heads, don't help to blacken the sky, an' let the bitter sea in over them. They're welcome to the worst that can happen to me, to the worst that can happen to us all, aren't they—aren't they? If we can shake—(*Passionately*)—that white-faced monster with the bloody lips, that has sucked the life out of ourselves, our wives and children, since the world began. (*Dropping the note of passion, but with the utmost weight and intensity.*) If we

have not the hearts of men to stand against it breast to breast, and eye to eye, and force it backward till it cry for mercy, it will go on sucking life: and we shall stay for ever what we are—(*In almost a whisper*)—less than the very dogs.

—From *Strife*.

XVII. A BOAT JOURNEY IN THE ANTARCTIC

—Sir Ernest Shackleton.

DURING the afternoon the wind freshened to a good stiff breeze, and the *James Caird* made satisfactory progress. I had not realized until the sunlight came how small our boat really was. So low in the water were we that each succeeding swell cut off our view of the sky-line. At one moment the consciousness of the forces arrayed against us would be almost overwhelming, and then hope and confidence would rise again as our boat rose to a wave and tossed aside the crest in a sparkling shower.

The eighth, ninth and tenth days of the voyage had few features worthy of special note. The wind blew hard during these days, and the strain of navigating the boat was unceasing, but we kept on advancing towards our goal and felt that we were going to succeed. We still suffered severely from the cold, for our vitality was declining owing to shortage of food, exposure, and the necessity of maintaining our cramped positions day and night.

On the tenth night Worsley could not straighten his body after his spell at the tiller. He was thoroughly cramped, and we had to drag him beneath the decking and massage him before he could unbend himself and get into a sleeping-bag.

A hard north-westerly gale came up on the eleventh day (May 5), and in the late afternoon

it shifted to the south-west. The sky was overcast and occasional snow-squalls added to the discomfort produced by a tremendous cross-sea—the worst, I thought, which we had encountered. At midnight, I was at the tiller, and suddenly noticed a line of clear sky between the south and south-west. I called to the other men that the sky was clearing, and then a moment later, realized that what I had seen was not a rift in the clouds but the white crest of an enormous wave.

During twenty-six years' experience of the ocean in all its moods I had never seen a wave so gigantic. It was a mighty upheaval of the ocean, a thing quite apart from the big white-capped seas which had been our tireless enemies for many days. I shouted, "For God's sake, hold on! It's got us!" Then came a moment of suspense which seemed to last for hours. We felt our boat lifted and flung forward like a cork in breaking surf. We were in a seething chaos of tortured water; but somehow the boat lived through it, half-full of water, sagging to the dead weight and shuddering under the blow. We bailed with the energy of men fighting for life, flinging the water over the sides with every receptacle which came into our hands; and after ten minutes of uncertainty we felt the boat renew her life beneath us. She floated again, and ceased to lurch drunkenly as though dazed by the attack of the sea. Earnestly we hoped that never again should we encounter such a wave.

The conditions of the boat, uncomfortable before, were made worse by this deluge of water. All our gear was thoroughly wet again, and our cooking-stove was floating about in the bottom of

the boat. Not until 3 a.m., when we were all chilled to the limit of endurance, did we manage to get the stove alight and to make ourselves hot drinks. The carpenter was suffering particularly but he showed grit and spirit. Vincent, however, had collapsed, and for the past week had ceased to be an active member of the crew.

On the following day (May 6) the weather improved, and we got a glimpse of the sun. Worsley's observation showed that we were not more than 100 miles from the north-west corner of South Georgia. Two more days, with a favourable wind, and we should sight the promised land. I hoped that there would be no delay, as our supply of water was running very low. The hot drink at night was essential, but I decided that the daily allowance of water must be cut down to half a pint per man. Our lumps of ice had gone some days before; we were dependent upon the water which we had brought from Elephant Island, and our thirst was increased by the fact that we were at this time using the brackish water in the breaker which had been slightly stove in when the boat was being loaded. Some sea-water had entered it.

Thirst took possession of us, but I dared not permit the allowance of water to be increased, because an unfavourable wind might have driven us away from the island and lengthened our voyage by several days. I had to be very firm in refusing to allow any one to anticipate the morrow's allowance, which sometimes I was begged to do.

I had altered the course to the east so as to make sure of striking the island, which would have

been impossible to regain if we had run past the northern end. The course was laid on our scrap of chart for a point some thirty miles down the coast. That day and the following day passed for us in a sort of nightmare. Our mouths were dry and our tongues were swollen. The wind was still strong and the heavy sea forced us to navigate carefully. But any thought of our peril from the waves was buried beneath the consciousness of our raging thirst. The bright moments were those when we each received our one mug of hot milk during the long, bitter watches of the night.

Things were bad for us in those days, but the end was approaching. The morning of May 8 broke thick and stormy, with squalls from the north-west. We searched the waters ahead for a sign of land, and, although we searched in vain, we were cheered by a sense that the goal was near. About 10 a.m., we passed a little bit of kelp, a glad signal of the proximity of land. An hour later we saw two shags sitting on a mass of kelp, and we knew then that we must be within ten or fifteen miles of the shore. These birds are as sure an indication of the proximity of land as a lighthouse is, for they never venture far to sea.

We gazed ahead with increasing eagerness, and at 12-30 p.m., through a rift in the clouds, McCarthy caught a glimpse of the black cliffs of South Georgia, just fourteen days after our departure from Elephant Island. It was a glad moment. Thirst-ridden, chilled, and weak as we were, happiness irradiated us. The job was nearly done.

We stood in towards the shore to look for a landing-place and presently we could see the green

tussock-grass on the ledges above the surf-beaten rocks. Ahead of us, and to the south, blind rollers showed the presence of uncharted reefs along the coast. The rocky coast appeared to descend sheer to the sea. Our need of water and rest was almost desperate, but to have attempted a landing at that time would have been suicidal.

Night was approaching and the weather indications were unfavourable. We could do nothing but haul off until the following morning, so we stood away on the starboard tack until we had made what appeared to be a safe offing. Then we hove to in the high westerly swell. The hours passed slowly as we awaited the dawn ; our thirst was a torment and we could scarcely touch our food, the cold seemed to strike right through our weakened bodies.

At 5 a.m., the wind shifted to the north-west, and quickly increased to one of the worst hurricanes any of us had ever experienced. A great cross-sea was running and the wind simply shrieked as it converted the whole seascape into a haze of driving spray. Down into the valleys, up to tossing heights, straining until her seams opened, swung our little boat, brave still but labouring heavily. We knew that the wind and set of the sea were driving us ashore, but we could do nothing.

The dawn revealed a storm-torn ocean, and the morning passed without bringing us a sight of the land ; but at 1 p.m., through a rift in the flying mists, we got a glimpse of the huge crags of the island and realized that our position had become desperate. We were on a dead lee shore, and we

could gauge our approach to the unseen cliffs by the roar of the breakers against the sheer walls of rock. I ordered the double-reefed main-sail to be set in the hope that we might claw off, and this attempt increased the strain upon the boat.

The *James Caird* was bumping heavily, and the water was pouring in everywhere. Our thirst was forgotten in the realization of our imminent danger, as we bailed unceasingly and from time to time adjusted our weights ; occasional glimpses showed that the shore was nearer.

I knew that Annewkow Island lay to the south of us, but our small and badly marked chart showed uncertain reefs in the passage between the island and the mainland, and I dared not trust it, though, as a last resort, we could try to lie under the lee of the island.

The afternoon wore away as we edged down the coast, and the approach of evening found us still some distance from Annewkow Island ; dimly in the twilight we could see a snow-capped mountain looming above us. The chance of surviving the night seemed small, and I think most of us felt that the end was very near. Just after 6 p.m. as the boat was in the yeasty back-wash from the seas flung from this iron-bound coast, just when things looked their worst, they changed for the best ; so thin is the line which divides success from failure.

The wind suddenly shifted, and we were free once more to make an offing. Almost as soon as the gale eased the pin which locked the mast to the thwart fell out. Throughout the hurricane it must have been on the point of doing this, and if it had

nothing could have saved us. The mast would have snapped like a carrot. Our backstays had carried away once before when iced up, and were not too strongly fastened. We were thankful indeed for the mercy which had held the pin in its place during the hurricane.

We stood off shore again, tired almost to the point of apathy. Our water had long been finished. The last was about a pint of hairy liquid, which we strained through a bit of gauze from the medicine chest. The pangs of thirst attacked us with redoubled intensity, and I felt that at almost any risk we must make a landing on the following day. The night wore on. We were very tired and longed for day. When at last dawn came there was hardly any wind, but a high cross-sea was running. We made slow progress towards the shore.

About 8 a.m., the wind backed to the north-west and threatened another blow. In the meanwhile we had sighted a big indentation which I thought must be King Haakon Bay, and I decided that we must land there. We set the bows of the boat towards the bay, and ran before the freshening gale. Soon we had angry reefs on either side. Great glaciers came down to the sea and offered no landing-place. The sea spouted on the reefs and thundered against the shore. About noon we sighted a line of jagged reef, like blackened teeth, which seemed to bar the entrance to the bay. Inside, fairly smooth water stretched eight or nine miles to the head of the bay.

A gap in the reef appeared, and we made for it, but the fates had another rebuff for us. The wind shifted and blew from the east right out of

the bay. We could see the way through the reef, but we could not approach it directly. That afternoon we bore up, tacking five times in the strong wind. The last tack enabled us to get through, and at last we were in the wide mouth of the bay.

Dusk was approaching. A small cove, with a boulder-strewn beach guarded by a reef, made a break in the cliffs on the south side of the bay, and we turned in that direction. I stood in the bows, and directed the steering as we ran through the kelp and made the passage of the reef. The entrance was so narrow that we had to take in the oars, and the swell was piling itself right over the reef into the cove. But in a minute or two we were inside, and in the gathering darkness the *James Caird* ran in on a swell and touched the beach.

I sprang ashore with the short painter, and held on when the boat went out with the backward surge. When the boat came in again three men got ashore and held the painter while I climbed some rocks with another line. A slip on the wet rocks 20 feet up nearly closed my part of the story, just when we were achieving safety. A jagged piece of rock held me and also sorely bruised me. I, however, made fast the line, and in a few minutes we were all safe on the beach, with the boat floating in the surging water just off the shore.

We heard a gurgling sound which was sweet music in our ears, and, peering round, we found a stream of fresh water almost at our feet. A moment later we were down on our knees drinking the pure, ice-cold water in long draughts which put new life into us. It was a splendid moment.

—From *South.*

XVIII. CLIMBING THE ALPS

—F. S. Smythe.

OUR intention was to climb the Jagihorn by way of its south-east ridge. The Jagihorn is a striking rock peak 11,208 feet high, and is the culminating point of a long ridge which separates the Outer Baltschieder Glacier from the Inner Baltschieder Glacier. Having come unexpectedly to this district we knew nothing of the previous history of the mountain or of the routes up it, beyond what we could find written about it in the hut book. In this there was a note by M. Paul Montandon, the eminent Swiss mountaineering authority, who described the ascent of the south-east ridge as being one of the finest rock climbs in the Alps. We learned subsequently that M. Montandon, with Josef Knubel as guide, made an attempt to climb this ridge on October 9, 1920, but was forced to retreat, after some hours of difficult rock climbing, by a step in the ridge over a hundred feet high, the rock of which is curiously grooved.

The ridge was not ascended until June 10, 1924, when the late Willy Richardet and D. Chervet climbed it in the remarkably fast time of four hours and twenty-five minutes from the hut to the summit. The "Grey Gendarme," which was climbed direct by Knubel in 1920, was turned on its eastern flank. They also turned the "Great Step" on its eastern flank up a shallow gully, followed by a crack and some slabs which brought them to the

ridge above the impasse. Above the "Great Step" is another obstacle known as the "Yellow Wall". This they climbed on the western side of the ridge by a difficult overhanging crack. Had Thompson and I then known these things we might have left the Baltschieder hut a little less light-heartedly than we did. We thought we had only a small peak and a short climb before us, and we deliberately chose a difficult route to the crest of the south-east ridge, in preference, to an easier one, in order to prolong the enjoyment of climbing.

In order to reach the crest of the south-east ridge we ascended a series of slabs and cracks, and the feel of these, their warmth, their rough honesty, and their clean angular edges were delightful.

We gained the crest of the south-east ridge and glanced along it. We saw pinnacle after pinnacle, but our view was an end-on one and it was not possible to gauge the length of the ridge.

The climbing was not difficult to begin with and we scrambled quickly along the broken crest. Gradually, the slopes on either hand steepened and the ridge became proportionately narrow. We stopped for a meal on a level slab of rock lying athwart the crest. It was a pleasant half-hour. The sun shone genially and its heat rippled and danced on the surface of red slabs.

Beyond our resting-place the interest increased progressively. The ridge is extraordinarily shattered and pinnacle succeeds pinnacle. Here and there we came upon a loose rock, but there were few of these, and if the route were climbed by a number of parties it would soon rival the Grepon for soundness.

Presently, as we scrambled along we became aware of a change in the weather. Mists concealed the ridge ahead of us and now and then we were enveloped in a drift of vapour.

The pinnacles gained in size. It was no longer a matter of a minute or two to climb over them but of several minutes. From half a rope-length in height they extended to a rope-length, and from a rope-length to two or three rope-lengths. We found the "Grey Gendarme" a tough customer and we climbed it slightly to the east of its crest. Above it, the ridge was not difficult for a short distance, then it rose sheer in a cliff some hundred and twenty feet in height. This was the "Great Step" but we were, of course, ignorant then as to its history. The rock was grooved vertically in a curious way as though His Satanic Majesty of the Jagihorn had embedded his organ pipes there but had later removed them. It looked a most repulsive and formidable obstacle, and Thompson suggested avoiding a direct ascent by traversing to the right as did Richardet and Chervet. But when we examined this alternative route, we decided against it; there were no protuberances that we could see for the rope, and the rocks were by no means firm—in appearance at least.

The weather was now quickly deteriorating, and there were signs of an approaching storm. The thought of retreat down the long and difficult ridge in bad weather was a disagreeable one. The summit could not be far off now, and once on it we knew from the hut book there was a comparatively easy way off the mountain. It was better to go on and attempt the direct ascent of the "Great Step"

which, if very steep and impracticable in appearance, had yet to be proved impossible. As the late Captain J. P. Farrar once remarked: "You can never tell what rocks are like until you've rubbed your nose against them".

After a difficult, but not exceptionally difficult, climb of about 40 feet we were surprised to find a piton driven into a crack. Above this the rock bulged outwards—if it did not actually overhang it was at any rate vertical for a short distance. The grooves were several inches deep and the leaves of rock between them were thin and sharp. To fall down the "Great Step" would be like sliding down a number of parallel and jagged knife-blades. The falling climber could not possibly be held by the second man, and the belayed rope would be certain to break. The most important precept in the art of rock-climbing is to husband enough strength to retreat from any given place in safety. As an example of this precept and of great rock-climbing my friend Bell's lead on the east ridge of the Aiguille du Plan is outstanding in my recollection.

After nearly two days of exceptionally difficult climbing we found ourselves separated from the summit by an apparently impassable cliff. Retreat was not to be thought of. That cliff had to be climbed and the summit, from which there is an easy route off the mountain, reached. There appeared only one possibility. A narrow ledge ran off horizontally to the left. From the ledge, not far from the point where it petered out in the smooth face of the precipice, there sprang a crack. It was a fearsome rift, holdless and awkwardly

splayed out, but it appeared to offer the only hope of surmounting the final cliff. There was not the vestige of a projection round which to secure the rope, but standing on the ledge I gave Bell as much assistance as I could. Slowly he worked his way up the crack. It was desperately difficult work, one of those ultra-severe pieces of climbing that depend on skill and on muscular strength, particularly arm and finger strength, of a high order. He had to wedge himself continuously by his arms to prevent a backward fall. There were no holds and the edges of the crack were smooth and rounded; it was simply a question of arm wedging and strength.

Slowly he struggled up. He had about forty feet to do. He did twenty of them. Ten feet higher the crack eased off in angle and was obviously much easier. But those ten feet were impossible. He had to come back.

Now, he had apparently put every ounce he possessed into that effort. He knew—we both knew—that everything depended on climbing the crack. There were signs that the weather was breaking. Owing to the bad conditions it had taken us the best part of two days to climb to that point. It was well after midday and it would be impossible to retreat by nightfall, and another bivouac with bad weather threatening was out of the question. He might have been excused, therefore, if he had drawn on his reserve strength. Had the crack been possible above the point at which he was forced to turn he would have been justified in drawing on that reserve, because much more than success depended on reaching the summit.

He got back to the ledge without the semblance of a slip, I helping him down the last few feet as well as I was able. Had he slipped I could not have held him. Both of us would have gone. It was great rock-climbing.

In the case of the Jagihorn, the ascent of the "Great Step" looked at first sight as though it entailed more than ordinary strength. The height of the upper section was about seventy feet and at first sight it appeared doubtful whether the necessary strength could be maintained over such a distance. It was not so bad as it looked. Steep and sensational it certainly was, and in order to obtain a better grip I climbed it in stockinged feet, wedging them into the grooves and holding on to the thin leaves of rock separating the grooves.

Thompson ascended with the utmost nonchalance, carrying both the rucksacks and my pair of boots on his back and wearing his own boots. I have not the slightest doubt that some future party will describe the south-east ridge of the Jagihorn as a pleasant little scramble, for this is a fate that befalls Alpine routes.

The ridge above the "Great Step" was of no particular difficulty and brought us quickly to the foot of the "Yellow Wall". We were approaching this when, of a sudden, hail began to fall smartly. It pattered on the rocks and swished down every crack and cranny in the slabs.

Unfortunately, the only direct route from the ridge up the "Yellow Wall" was an awkward overhanging chimney. Owing to the hail, now mixed with snow, it was streaming with slush and water and as it was a place where the ascent

depended primarily on friction, we found it impossible in such a condition. There was another crack which, like the first, overhung slightly. This also proved impossible, although we felt certain that it might have been climbed under happier circumstances.

As we stood debating what to do on the crest of the ridge, our ice-axes suddenly began to hum and hiss with electrical tension. I know of no more unpleasant sound than this gentle, sibilant hissing of an electrically charged ice-axe. Sometimes it is a serpent-like hiss, at other times it is a low hum like a dynamo. We hurried from the crest of the ridge—we had no desire to act as lightning conductors—and made ourselves as comfortable as possible a few feet below it on its western side. To our relief the electrical tension was relieved and no thunder-storm developed. Better still, the snow, which had entirely taken the place of hail, ceased falling. The rocks were white, but they had retained the warmth of the sun and it was not long before the snow melted.

We could now see that there was a possibility of turning the "Yellow Wall" on its western side, so we descended about forty feet below the ridge until we came to a shallow chimney. This proved continuous and as it was nowhere particularly difficult, it soon brought us to a point near the crest of the ridge above the "Yellow Wall". The two greatest obstacles had been surmounted.

The last section of the ridge to the summit was worthy of the ridge as a whole. The ridge was sharp—so sharp that in one or two places we were forced to adopt the sinuosity of a serpent or

proceed *a cheval* along its knife-like crest. There was one awkward gap, but that was the last difficulty. At 2-30 p.m. we stood on the summit.

We had anticipated a short and pleasant day's work, but the ascent of this ridge, especially taking into account the route by which we had reached it from the hut, had provided a climb of such difficulty and interest that I have no hesitation in agreeing with M. Mantandon that it is one of the best rock climbs in the Alps. It is a climb worthy of repetition in better weather than we experienced and I look forward to renewing my acquaintance with its great slabs of reddish granite, its bold rock towers, and its clean-cut edges where the climber experiences to the full the joys of his craft.

There was no question of remaining long on the summit owing to the threatening weather, and after a few minutes' halt we descended broken rocks and steep snow to the col between the north and south peaks of the Jagihorn, whence a snow-slope led us down towards the Baltschieder Glacier. Another snow-storm supervened during the descent and, with the slabs below the snow-slope streaming with water, it was no easy matter forcing a way to the *bergschrund*. We found a rickety tongue of snow bridging this last obstacle, and crawled cautiously across to the Baltschieder Glacier down which we raced to the hut.

—From *An Alpine Journey*.

XIX. SOME APRIL INSECTS

—Richard Jefferies

A BLACK humble-bee came to the white hyacinths in the garden on the sunny April morning when the yellow tulip opened, and as she alighted on the flower there hovered a few inches in the rear an eager attendant, not quite so large, more grey, and hovering with the shrillest vibration close at hand. The black bee went round the other side of a bunch of hyacinths, and was hidden in the bell of a purple one. At thus temporarily losing sight of her, the follower, one might say, flew into a state of extreme excitement, and spun round and round in the air till he caught sight of her again and resumed his steady hovering. Then she went to the next bunch of hyacinths: he followed her, when, with a furious, shrill cry of swiftly beating wings, a second lover darted down, and then the two followed the lady in black velvet—buzz, buzz, buzz, pointing like hounds stationary in the air—buzz, buzz,—while she without a moment's thought of them worked at the honey. By-and-by one rushed at her—a too eager caress, for she lost her balance and fell out of the flower on to the ground. Up she got and pursued him for a few angry circles, and then settled to work again. Presently the rivals darted at each other and whirled about, and in the midst of the battle off went the lady in velvet to another part of the garden, and the combatants immediately rushed after her. Every morning that the tulip opened its great

yellow bell, these black humble-bees came, almost always followed by one lover, sometimes, as on the first occasion, by two. A bright row of polyanthus and oxlips seemed to be the haunt of the male bees. There they waited, some on the leaves and some on the dry clods heated by the sun, in ambush till a dark lady should come. The yellow tulip was a perfect weather-meter: if there was the least bit of harshness in the air, the least relic of the east wind, it remained folded. Sunshine alone was not sufficient to tempt it, but the instant there was any softness in the atmosphere open came the bell, and as if by a magic key all the bees and humble-bees of the place were unlocked, and forth they came with joyous note—not to visit the tulip, which is said to be a fatal cup of poison to them.

Any one delicate would do well to have a few such flowers in spring under observation, and to go out of doors or stop in according to their indications. I think there were four species of wild bee at these early flowers, including the great bombus and the small prosopis with orange-yellow head. It is difficult to scientifically identify small insects hastily flitting without capturing them, which I object to doing, for I dislike to interfere with their harmless liberty. They have all been named and classified, and I consider it a great cruelty to destroy them again without special purpose. The pleasure is to see them alive and busy with their works, and not to keep them in a cabinet. These wild bees, particularly the smaller ones, greatly resented my watching them, just the same as birds do. If I walked by they took no

heed; if I stopped or stooped to get a better view they were off instantly. Without doubt they see you, and have some idea of the meaning of your various motions. The wild bees are a constant source of interest, much more so than the hive bee, which is so extremely regular in its ways. With an explosion almost like a little bomb shot out of a flower; with an immense hum, almost startling, boom! the great bombus hurls himself up in the air from under foot; well named—boom—bombus. Is it correct or is it only a generalisation, that insects like ants and hive bees, who live in great and well-organized societies, are more free from the attacks of parasites than the comparatively solitary wild bees? Ants are, indeed, troubled with some parasites, but these do not seem to multiply very greatly, and do not seriously injure the populousness of the nest. They have enemies which seize them, but an enemy is not a parasite. On the other hand, too, they have mastered a variety of insects, and use them for their delectation and profit. Hive bees are likewise fairly free from parasites, unless, indeed, their so-called dysentery is caused by some minute microbe. These epidemics, however, are rare. Take it altogether, the hive bee appears comparatively free of parasites. Enemies they have, but that is another matter.

Have these highly civilised insects arrived in some manner at a solution of the parasite problem? Have they begun where human civilization may be said to have ended, with a diligent study of parasitic life? All our scientific men are now earnestly engaged in the study of bacteria, microbes, mycelium, and yeast, infinitesimally minute fungi

of every description, while meantime the bacillus is eating away the lives of a heavy percentage of our population. Ants live in communities which might be likened to a hundred Londons dotted about England, so are their nests in a meadow, or, still more striking, on a heath. Their immense crowds, the population of China to an acre, do not breed disease. Every ant out of that enormous multitude may calculate on a certain average duration of life, setting aside risks from battle, birds, and such enemies. Microbes are unlikely to destroy her. Now this is a very extraordinary circumstance. In some manner the ants have found out a way of accommodating themselves to the facts of their existence ; they have fitted themselves in with nature and reached a species of millennium. Are they then more intelligent than man ? We have certainly not succeeded in doing this yet ; they are very far ahead of us. Are their eyes, divided into a thousand facets, a thousand times more powerful than our most powerful microscopes, and can they see spores, germs, microbes, or bacilli where our strongest lenses find nothing ? I have some doubts as to whether ants are really shut out of many flowers by hairs pointing downwards in a fringe and similar contrivances. The ant has a singularly powerful pair of mandibles : put one between your shirt and skin and try ; the nip you will get will astonish you. With these they can shear off the legs or even the head of another ant in battle. I cannot see, therefore, why, if they wished, they could not nip off this fringe of hairs, or even sever the stem of the plant. Evidently they do not wish, and possibly they have reasons for avoiding some

plants and flowers, which besides honey may contain spores—just as they certainly contain certain larvae, which attach themselves to the bodies of bees.

Possibly we may yet use the ants or some other clever insects to find out the origin of the fatal parasite which devours the consumptive. Some reason exists for imagining that this parasite has something to do with the flora, for phthisis ceases at a certain altitude, and it is very well known that the floras have a marked line of demarcation. Up to a certain height certain flowers will grow, but not beyond, just as if you had run a separating ditch round the mountain. With the flora the insects cease; whether the germ comes from the vegetation or from the insect that frequents the vegetation does not seem known. Still it would be worthwhile to make a careful examination of the plant and insect life just at the verge of the line of division. The bacillus may spring from a spore starting from a plant or starting from an insect. Most of England had an Alpine climate probably once, and some Alpine plants and animals have been stranded on the tops of our highest hills and remain there to this day. In those icy times English lungs were probably free of disease. Has formic acid ever been used for experiments on bacilli? It is the ant acid; they are full of it, and it is extracted and used for some purposes abroad. Perhaps, its strong odour is repellent to parasites. To return: while the honey-bees live in comparative safety, the more or less solitary wild bees have a great struggle to repel various creatures that would eat them or their young, and, be as watchful

as they may, all their efforts at nest-building are often rendered nugatory by the success of a parasite. So it is not worthwhile to catch them just for the purpose of identification, for they have enough enemies in the field without man and his heartless cabinets. The collector is the most terrible parasite of all. Let them go on with a happy hum, while the tulip opens in the sunshine.

—From *Field and Hedgerow*.

XX. A JOURNEY THROUGH SPACE

—*Sir James Jeans.*

I. INTRODUCTORY :

TELESCOPIC observation and mathematical theory between them furnish us with a sort of magic rocket which will take us almost anywhere in space we desire to go. Let us enter this magic rocket and persuade some one to shoot us towards the sun. We need only start with speed enough to carry us a short distance away from the earth—about seven miles a second will do—and the sun's huge gravitational pull will do the rest. It will drag us down into the sun whether we like it or not. If we start at seven miles a second, the whole journey will take about ten weeks.

II. OUT IN SPACE :

Even in the first few seconds of our flight, we notice strange changes; the whole colour-scheme of the universe alters with startling suddenness. The sky rapidly darkens in hue, until finally it assumes a blackness like that of midnight, from which the stars shine out. They no longer twinkle in the friendly way we are accustomed to on earth; their rays have become piercing needles of steady light. Meantime the sun has changed to a hard steely whiteness, and the shadows it casts are harsh and fierce. Nature seems to have lost a large part of her beauty, and all of her softness, in a surprisingly short space of time. The explanation is that

a very few seconds take us entirely clear of the earth's atmosphere, and not until we have left it behind us do we realise how much its softening effect has added to the pleasure of our lives.

What are the scientific reasons for this? We know that sunlight is a blend of lights of many colours. We also know that light consists of waves, and that the different colours of light are produced by waves of different lengths, red light by long waves, and blue light by short waves. The mixture of waves which constitutes sunlight has to struggle through the obstacles it meets in the atmosphere, just as the mixture of waves at the seaside has to struggle past the columns of the pier. And these obstacles treat the light waves much as the columns of the pier treat the sea-waves. The long waves which constitute red light are hardly affected, but the short waves which constitute blue light are scattered in all directions.

The earth's atmosphere thus breaks up the sunlight. The true sunlight, as it is when it leaves the sun, or travels through space before meeting the earth at all, is a blend of all the colours into which the earth's atmosphere breaks it up. To reconstruct this colour, we must blend the blue of the sky with the yellow or red of the direct sunlight. This makes the steely-white light we see as soon as our rocket takes us beyond the earth's atmosphere.

This action of the atmosphere in breaking up sunlight is responsible for much of the beauty of the earth—a blue sky of full day, the vivid orange and red of the rising and setting sun, the fairyland hues of the clouds at sunrise and sunset, the

mysterious tones of twilight, the pink afterglow on the mountains, the purple of the distant hills, the apple-green in the western evening sky and the indigo in the east, and indeed all the effects which the artist describes as atmosphere. As we pass beyond the earth's atmosphere, we leave all these behind us, and enter a hard world which is devided sharply into light and dark, and knows nothing of half-tones. For the first time in our lives, we see the sun for what it really is—a vivid bluish globe of light. We see it set in a sky as black as that of midnight, because the earth's atmosphere no longer takes its rays and scatters them in all directions. It is to this weird and terrifying object that our rocket is taking us.

III. A close view of the Moon:

If we are wise we shall have started sometime near the time of new moon, because then our path will take us near to the moon, and we can study it from close quarters. Down behind us, the surface of the earth looks murky and blurred; we see it through a thick layer of air, dust, fog and clouds, with rain and snow here and there. By comparison, the moon looks strangely clear and sharp cut. The reason is that it has no atmosphere, and as a consequence no rain, no fog, clouds or dust to interfere with our vision.

Even from afar, we can see that there is no water on the moon. If there were seas, lakes or even rivers, we should be sure to see them glittering in the vivid sunlight; there is no trace of anything which in the least resembles an expanse of water.

And as we get nearer, we see that there are neither cities, nor fields, nor forests. We are looking on a dead world.

We see that the surface of the moon consists largely of vast flat deserts, showing no signs of cultivation or life of any kind. Scattered over the greater part of it are circular elevations which look like the rims of craters of extinct volcanoes, which is what they probably are. Many of these are large enough to contain a whole English county inside. Here and there we see immense jagged peaks and ranges of mountains, as sharp cut as when they first came into existence. The mountains on our earth have been weathered by millions of years of snow, rain and wind, but we see no trace of weathering here. If ever rocket-travelling through space becomes common, it looks as though these mountains would form a perfect paradise for climbers. The sun casts shadows of their jagged outlines on the flat deserts below, and even in a small telescope we can see wonderful needles, pinnacles, and aretes.

The lunar mountains have other attractions, besides scenery, to offer to climbers. On the moon the force of gravity is only a sixth as great as on earth, so that a man could jump six times as high as on earth, could climb six times as high without getting tired, and could fall six times as far without getting hurt. Yet, because the moon has no atmosphere, climbers must remember to take supplies of oxygen with them.

The feebleness of gravity on the moon explains why the moon has no atmosphere. Our rocket was only able to jump right clear of the earth because

we started with the high speed of seven miles a second—if we had started out with any smaller speed we should have fallen back again onto the earth, just as an ordinary shot from a gun does, or a cricket ball driven upwards off a bat. The earth's atmosphere consists of millions of molecules darting about with quite high speeds—hundreds of yards, and even miles, a second. But they never attain the speed of seven miles a second which would take them clear of the earth, so that they continually fall back like the cricket ball, and the earth retains its atmosphere.

Against this, a projectile needs a speed of only 1½ miles a second to get clear of the moon and right away into space; if once it gets off into space with a speed as high as this, the moon's gravitational pull is too feeble to draw it back. Now the moon always turns the same face to the earth, and only goes round it once a month. It follows that the moon turns round in space once a month, so that after any region of its surface has once got into the sunlight, it stays there to be baked for a whole fortnight. As a result, it gets very hot indeed, its temperature rising to somewhere in the neighbourhood of 200 degrees Fahrenheit on the sunny side—indeed, directly under the sun it may be as high as 244 degrees Fahrenheit, or 32 degrees above the temperature of boiling water. Conversely, on the shady side, the temperature falls to about 244 degrees *below zero*. Consequently, although the moon may, at first sight, look a paradise for climbers, mature consideration suggests that it may after all be but little suited either for a holiday resort or a permanent abode.

IV. What is the Moon made of ?:

Further than this, the surface of the moon is hardly such as to make a comfortable camping ground. In the light of the observations of M. Lyot of Meudon, it seems highly probable that the moon's surface consists of some sort of volcanic ash. Certainly this is in keeping with the general appearance of the lunar scenery, which looks exactly like a vast exhibition of extinct volcanoes.

Volcanic ash has the remarkable property of being an almost perfect non-conductor of heat, like the asbestos which is used for lagging hotwater-pipes. If the moon's outer surface really consists of this substance, the heat which the sun pours down on its sunny side will not sink far in, so that the moon's interior will not experience the same violent changes of temperature as its surface. Just as half an inch of asbestos prevents the heat escaping from our hotwater pipes, so half an inch of volcanic ash would prevent the sun's heat penetrating to the moon's interior, This explains the dramatic suddenness with which the moon's surface changes from hot to cold during an eclipse—for it has not got any store of heat in its soil to prevent the temperature from changing abruptly.

V. Venus and Mercury:

Clearly, then, the moon is no place for a prolonged stay, and we had better let our rocket carry us on to the sun, as we originally intended. After the moon, our nearest neighbour in space is the planet Venus. If we should happen to pass near it on our journey we should see nothing specially

interesting. It is merely a globe about as large as the earth, completely enveloped in clouds.

But the next planet, Mercury, ought to provide an arresting spectacle. It is considerably smaller than the earth. Indeed, it is not much larger than the moon, and like the moon, it has no atmosphere, again because its gravitational pull is not strong enough to retain one, so that its scenery should stand out in vivid relief. It is like the moon in still another respect. The moon is so tightly held in the earth's gravitational grip that it cannot rotate in this grip, and so always presents the same face to the earth. Mercury is in a similar situation: it is so tightly held in the gravitational grip of the sun that it always presents the same face to the sun. We have seen how the moon's face gets thoroughly hot after being baked in sunshine for a fortnight at a time. That hemisphere of Mercury which faces the sun is in a much worse plight; it is baked for ever and ever in the rays of the very much nearer sun and so must be terrifically hot. If there are any rivers on it they must be rivers of molten lead or some similar substance, since the heat is such that all ordinary liquids would boil away.

There is yet one other respect in which Mercury resembles the moon. The light reflected from its surface can again only be matched by light reflected from volcanic ash, so that it seems likely that the surface of Mercury, like that of the moon, consists of this substance. Very possibly its landscape too consists of extinct volcanoes, although our rocket does not take us near enough to see whether this is so or not.

VI. Outside the Sun :

We are now well advanced on our journey to the sun. Even as we pass Mercury, it looks seven times as big as it did when we started from the earth, and as we approach still nearer, and it fills the greater part of the sky in front of us, we begin to get a fine view of its surface. Clearly the sun is no dead world, like the moon and Mercury. On the contrary, we see nothing at rest ; everything is in violent motion ; the whole surface is agitated, boiling and erupting in various ways. We can understand why this must be. The interior of the sun is a huge power station which works continuously. The energy which is generated and set loose in the interior makes it terrifically hot, so that a vast stream of heat is driven outwards to the surface, whence it pours away into space in the form of radiation. Every square inch of surface receives fifty horse-power of energy to get rid of somehow or other. And it cannot do this by simply lying still at rest. Everywhere we see it boiling up.

Even this is not enough, for here and there huge fountains of flame called "prominences", are spouting up hundreds of thousands of miles above the sun's surface. It is as though the surface could not get rid of energy as rapidly as it arrived from inside, and so created a vast extra mechanism of fountains, cascades and arches of flame, to help it. These are generally of a crimson colour, and often take the most fantastic shapes. Some stand almost still as though firmly rooted in the body of the sun, but others sprout up like Jack's beanstalk, with

speeds of thousands of miles a minute. Some jump clear of the sun altogether to heights of hundreds of thousands of miles, changing their shapes all the time.

And now the sun fills almost the whole sky in front of us. We see it as a vivid disc of fire, which comes ever nearer and nearer; soon our rocket must crash and we brace ourselves to withstand the shock. Now the arches and fountains of flame are not only all round us; they are also above us. We are inside the sun's fiery atmosphere, so that there is light on all sides of us. If we draw a sample of this atmosphere inside our rocket and analyse it, we shall find it contains the same light gases as the earth's atmosphere, as well as heavy metallic substances such as platinum, silver and lead, and indeed most, if not all, of the substances we have on earth. These all exist in the sun's atmosphere in a vapourised form because the heat is too great for any of them to remain in either solid or liquid form.

And we wait for the crash!

—From *The Stars in their Courses.*

XXI. CRICKET

—Neville Cardus.

EVERY summer I travel north, south, east and west to watch cricket. I have seen the game played far down in Kent, at Dover, near the cliffs trodden by King Lear. There, one late August afternoon, I said good-bye to a cricket season on a field which lay silent in the evening sunshine; the match, the last of the year, was over and the players gone. I stayed for a while in the falling light and saw birds run over the grass as the mists began to spread. That day we had watched Woolley in all his glory, batting his way through a hundred felicitous runs. While he batted, the crowd sat with white tents and banners all round —o blessed scene, wisps of clouds in the sky, green grass for our feet to tread upon, "laughter of friends under an English heaven". It was all over and gone now, as I stood on the little field alone in the glow of the declining day. 'The passing of summer' I thought. 'There can be no summer in this land without cricket.'

Whenever I am in love with cricket's beauty and sentiment I always think of the game as I saw it go to an end that day in Kent, as though to the strain of summer's cadence. Cricket, as I know and love it, is part of that holiday time which is the Englishman's heritage—a playtime in a homely countryside. It is a game that seems to me to take on the very colours of the passing months. In the

spring, cricketers are fresh and eager; ambition within them breaks into bud; new bats and flannels are as chaste as the April winds. The showers of May drive the players from the field, but soon they are back again, and every blade of grass around them is a jewel in the light. I like this intermittent way of cricket's beginning in spring weather. A season does not burst on us, as football does, full grown and arrogant; it comes to us every year with a modesty that matches the slender tracery of leaf and twig, which belongs to the setting of every true cricket field in the season's first days.

When June arrives, cricket grows to splendour like a rich part of the garden of an English summer time. In June the game is at the crown of the year; from Little Puddleton to London the fields of village and town are white with players in hot action. Batsmen move along their processional way to centuries at Lord's, while in a hundred hidden hamlets far and wide some crude but not inglorious Hobbs flings his bat at the ball, and either misses it or feels his body tingle as willow thwacks leather. Bowlers set their teeth and thunder over the earth, seeing nothing in the world but a middle stump. And when a wicket falls, fieldsmen in the deep give themselves to the grassy earth, stretch limbs, and look up into the blue sky. Now is the time of cricketer's plenty—June and July. Let him cherish every moment as it passes: never will he be so young again.

With the advent of August, cricket loses the freshness and radiance of its heyday. Colour and

energy begin to leave the game, even as colour and energy begin to leave summer itself. Cricketers grow weary ; ambition wanes as the sun wanes. The season goes to its end with a modest and lovely fall. It does not finish rhetorically, as football does, vaunting a cup-tie final before a million eyes. One after another the cricketers say good-bye in the darkening evenings of late summer ; they fold their tents and depart, and nobody sees them. The noisy crowds have left the game for the new darling with the big ball. Down at Eastbourne (it may chance to be) the season comes to an end on a quiet day, on which the crack of the bat sends out a sweet melancholy. As the cricketer leaves the field, not to set foot again on his game's carpet for months and months to come, he has his moments of private sentiment. He glances back to take a last look at the field as the hours decrease and autumn grows in everything. He is glad that cricket belongs to summer, comes in with the spring, and gets ready to go when the trees are brown. Other games can be played in different parts of the world. Cricket is a game which must always be less than its true self if it is taken out of England and out of the weather of our English summer.

So much for the season and the setting, the time and the place. The game itself is a capricious blend of elements, static and dynamic, sensational and somnolent. You can never take your eyes away from a cricket match for fear of missing a crisis. For hours it will proceed to a rhythm as lazy as the rhythm of an airless day. Then we stretch ourselves on deckchairs and smoke our

pipes and talk of a number of things—the old 'uns insisting that in *their* time batsmen used to hit the ball. A sudden bad stroke, a good ball, a marvellous catch, and the crowd is awake; a bolt has been hurled into our midst from a clear sky. When cricket burns a dull slow fire it needs only a single swift wind of circumstance to set everything into a blaze that consumes nerves and senses. In no other game do events of import hang so bodefully on a single act. In no other game does one little mistake lead to mischief so irreparable. You get another chance at football if you foozle a kick; but Hobbs in all his majesty must pass out of the scene for hours if for a second he should fall into the error that hedges all mortal activity. Many a great match has been lost by a missed catch; terrible are the emotions of long-on when the ball is driven high towards him and when he waits for it—alone in the world—and the crowd roars and somebody cries out. "'E'll miss it—'e'll miss it!" Years ago, in a match for the rubber in Australia, Clem Hill and Victor Trumper were making a mighty stand, turning the wheel of the game against England. Here were two of the greatest batsmen of all time thoroughly set, scourging the English attack with unsparing weapons. Hour after hour they cut and drove right and left. Wilfred Rhodes, who seems always to have been playing cricket, tossed up over after over, angling for the catch in the deep. And at the very moment when the fortunes of the battle were on the turn, moving definitely Australia's way—at this moment of fate, Clem Hill let his bat swing at a ball for all he was worth in valour and strength. Up into the

sky the ball went, and it began to drop where A. E. Knight was standing. All eyes rested on Knight; the vast Sydney multitude were dead still as the ball fell like a stone. Knight held his catch, but as he did so, he was seen to go down on one knee, and bow his head. Some of the English players, thinking Knight was ill, moved towards him. But as they approached, Knight raised himself, made an explanatory gesture, swallowed emotion in a gulp, and said to his anxious colleagues, 'It's all right, it's all right; I was only thanking my Maker.' Cricket can mean much to a man: responsibility can weigh down the strongest.

The laws of cricket tell of the English love of compromise between a particular freedom and a general orderliness, or legality. Macdonald's best break-back is rendered null and void if he should let his right foot stray merely an inch over the crease as he wheels his arm. Law and order are represented at cricket by the umpires in their magisterial coats (in England it is to be hoped these coats will never be worn as short as umpires wear them in Australia, much to the loss of that dignity which should always invest dispensers of justice). And in England umpires are seldom mobbed or treated with the contumely which is the lot of the football referee. If everything else in this nation of ours were lost but cricket—her Constitution and the Laws of England of Lord Halsbury—it would be possible to reconstruct from the theory and the practice of cricket all the eternal Englishness which has gone to the establishment of that Constitution and the laws aforesaid.

Where the English language is unspoken there can be no real cricket, which is to say that the Americans have never excelled at the game. In every English village a cricket field is as much part of the landscape as the old church. Everybody born in England has some notion of what is a cricket match, even folks who have never had a cricket bat in their hands in their lives (few must be their number, since it is as natural to give a cricket bat as a present to a little boy as it is to give him a bucket and spade when he goes to the seaside). I should challenge the Englishness of any man who could walk down a country lane, come unexpectedly on a cricket match, and not lean over the fence and watch for a while. Has any true Englishman ever resisted the temptation, while travelling on the railway, to look through the carriage window whenever the train has been passing a cricket field? The train rushes round a curve just as the bowler is about to bowl: in a flash we are swept out of sight of the game, and never can we know what happened to that ball! Cricket is not called the 'Sport of Kings'; it is the possession of all of us, high and low, rich and poor. It was born in a small place and it has conquered all the habitations of our race. Wherever cricket is taken, England and the flavours of an English summer go with it. The game's presiding genius is W. G. Grace, dead and therefore immortal. He gave his heart and soul to cricket, stamped the English stamp on it, and caused it to loom with his own genial bulk in the eyes of his countrymen for all time. Today, when it is regarded right and proper for the nation to pay honour to all heroes

of the open air, Grace would have been knighted. But the very idea of 'Sir W. G. Grace' is comical. You see, he was an institution. As well might we think of Sir Albert Memorial, Sir National Debt, Sir Harvest Moon—or Sir Cricket!

—From *Cricket*.

XXII. THE MAN IN BLACK

—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

THOUGH fond of many acquaintances, I desire an intimacy only with a few. The Man in Black, whom I have often mentioned, is one whose friendship I could wish to acquire, because he possesses my esteem. His manners, it is true, are tinctured with some strange inconsistencies; and he may be justly termed a humorist in a nation of humorists. Though he is generous even to profusion, he affects to be thought a prodigy of parsimony and prudence; though his conversation be replete with the most sordid and selfish maxims, his heart is dilated with the most unbounded love. I have known him profess himself a man-hater, while his cheek was glowing with compassion; and, while his looks were softened into pity, I have heard him use the language of the most unbounded ill-nature. Some affect humanity and tenderness, others boast of having such dispositions from nature; but he is the only man I ever knew who seemed ashamed of his natural benevolence. He takes as much pains to hide his feelings, as any hypocrite would to conceal his indifference: but on every unguarded moment the mask drops off, and reveals him to the most superficial observer.

In one of our late excursions into the country, happening to discourse upon the provision that was made for the poor in England, he seemed amazed how any of his countrymen could be so foolishly

weak as to relieve occasional objects of charity, when the laws had made such ample provision for their support. "In every parish-house," says he, "the poor are supplied with food, clothes, fire, and a bed to lie on: they want no more, I desire no more myself; yet still they seem discontented. I am surprised at the inactivity of our magistrates in not taking up such vagrants, who are only a weight upon the industrious; I am surprised that the people are found to relieve them, when they must be at the same time sensible that it in some measure encourages idleness, extravagance and imposture. Were I to advise any man for whom I had the least regard, I would caution him by all means not to be imposed upon by their false pretences; let me assure you, sir, they are impostors, every one of them, and rather merit a prison than relief."

He was proceeding in this strain, earnestly to dissuade me from an imprudence of which I am seldom guilty, when an old man, who still had about him the remnants of tattered finery, implored our compassion. He assured us that he was no common beggar, but forced into the shameful profession to support a dying wife and five hungry children. Being prepossessed against such falsehoods, his story had not the least influence upon me; but it was quite otherwise with the Man in Black; I could see it visibly operate upon his countenance, and effectually interrupt his harangue. I could easily perceive, that his heart burned to relieve the five starving children, but he seemed ashamed to discover his weakness to me. While he thus hesitated between compassion and pride,

I pretended to look another way, and he seized this opportunity of giving the poor petitioner a piece of silver, bidding him at the same time, in order that I should hear, go work for his bread, and not tease passengers with such impertinent falsehoods for the future. As he had fancied himself quite unperceived, he continued, as we proceeded, to rail against beggars with as much animosity as before; he threw in some episodes on his own amazing prudence and economy, with his profound skill in discovering impostors; he explained the manner in which he would deal with beggars were he a magistrate, hinted at enlarging some of the prisons for their reception, and told two stories of ladies that were robbed by beggar-men. He was beginning a third to the same purpose, when a sailor with a wooden leg once more crossed our walks, desiring our pity, and blessing our limbs. I was for going on without taking any notice, but my friend, looking wistfully upon the poor petitioner, bid me stop, and he would show me with how much ease he could at any time detect an impostor.

He now, therefore, assumed a look of importance, and in an angry tone began to examine the sailor, demanding in what engagement he was thus disabled and rendered unfit for service. The sailor replied, in a tone as angrily as he, that he had been an officer on board a private ship of war, and that he had lost his leg abroad, in defence of those who did nothing at home. At this reply, all my friend's importance vanished in a moment; he had not a single question more to ask; he now only studied what method he should take to relieve him un-

averred - declared

observed. He had, however, no easy part to act, as he was obliged to preserve the appearance of ill-nature before me, and yet relieve himself by relieving the sailor. Casting, therefore, a furious look upon some bundles of chips which the fellow carried in a string at his back, my friend demanded how he sold his matches; but, not waiting for a reply, desired, in a surly tone, to have a shilling's worth. The sailor seemed at first surprised at his demand, but soon recollecting himself, and presenting his whole bundle, "Here, master," says he, "take all my cargo, and a blessing into the bargain."

It is impossible to describe with what an air of triumph my friend marched off with his new purchase; he assured me, that he was firmly of opinion that those fellows must have stolen their goods, who could thus afford to sell them for half value. He informed me of several different uses to which those chips might be applied; he expatiated largely upon the savings that would result from lighting candles with a match, instead of thrusting them into the fire. He averred, that he would as soon have parted with a tooth as his money to those vagabonds, unless for some valuable consideration. I cannot tell how long this panegyric upon frugality and matches might have continued, had not his attention been called off by another object more distressful than either of the former. A woman in rags, with one child in her arms, and another on her back, was attempting to sing ballads, but with such a mournful voice, that it was difficult to determine whether she was singing or crying. A wretch, who in the deepest

distress still aimed at good-humour, was an object my friend was by no means capable of withstanding; his vivacity and his discourse were instantly interrupted; upon this occasion, his very dissimulation had forsaken him. Even in my presence he immediately applied his hands to his pockets, in order to relieve her; but guess his confusion when he found he had already given away all the money he carried about him to former objects. The misery painted in the woman's visage was not half so strongly expressed as the agony in his. He continued to search for some time, but to no purpose, till, at length recollecting himself, with a face of ineffable good-nature, as he had no money, he put into her hands his shilling's worth of matches.

—From *The Citizen of the World*.

XXIII. DREAM CHILDREN: A REVERIE

—*Charles Lamb.*

CHILDREN love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts; till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. (Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding.) Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who pre-

ferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived. which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. (Here John smiled, as much as to say, "that would be foolish indeed.") And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psaltery by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. (Here little Alice spread her hands.) Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—(here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted)—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two

infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said "those innocents would do her no harm"; and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. (Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous.) Then I told how good she was to all her grand-children, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Caesars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them: how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, flutter-ing tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gild-ing almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were for-bidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew-trees, or the firs, and pick-ing up the red berries, and the fir-apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in

the fishpond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings.—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children. (Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant.) Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L—, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain;—and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how consi-

derate he had been to me when I was lame-footed ; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death : and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me : and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he their poor uncle must have been when the doctor took off his limb—(here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother). Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n ; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial, meant in maidens—when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was ; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely

impressed upon me the effects of speech; "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name"—and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

—From *The Essays of Elia.*

XXIV. THE SAMPHIRE GATHERER

—*W. H. Hudson.*

AT sunset when the strong wind from the sea was beginning to feel cold, I stood on the top of the sand-hill looking down at an old woman hurrying about over the low damp ground beneath —a bit of sea-flat divided from the sea by the ridge of sand ; and I wondered at her, because her figure was that of a feeble old woman, yet she moved—I had almost said flitted—over that damp level ground in a surprisingly swift light manner, pausing at intervals to stoop and gather something from the surface. But I couldn't see her distinctly enough to satisfy myself : the sun was sinking below the horizon, and that dimness in the air and coldness in the wind at day's decline, when the year too was declining, made all objects look dim. Going down to her I found that she was old, with thin grey hair on an uncovered head, a lean dark face with regular features and grey eyes that were not old and looked steadily at mine, affecting me with a sudden mysterious sadness. For they were unsmiling eyes and themselves expressed an unutterable sadness, as it appeared to me at the first swift glance ; or perhaps not that, as it presently seemed, but a shadowy something which sadness had left in them, when all pleasure and all interest in life forsook her, with all affections, and she no longer cherished either memo-

ries or hopes. This may be nothing but conjecture or fancy, but if she had been a visitor from another world she could not have seemed more strange to me.

I asked her what she was doing there so late in the day, and she answered in a quiet even voice which had a shadow in it too, that she was gathering samphire of that kind which grows on the flat saltings and has a dull green, leek-like fleshy leaf. At this season, she informed me, it was fit for gathering to pickle and put by for use during the year. She carried a pail to put it in, and a table-knife in her hand to dig the plants up by the roots, and she also had an old sack in which she put every dry stick and chip of wood she came across. She added that she had gathered samphire at this same spot every August end for very many years.

I prolonged the conversation, questioning her and listening with affected interest to her mechanical answers, while trying to fathom those unsmiling, unearthly eyes that looked so steadily at mine.

And presently, as we talked, a babble of human voices reached our ears, and half turning we saw the crowd, or rather procession, of golfers coming from the golf-house by the links where they had been drinking tea. Ladies and gentlemen players, forty or more of them, following in a loose line, in couples and small groups, on their way to the Golfers' Hotel, a little farther up the coast, a remarkably good-looking lot with well-fed, happy faces, well dressed and in a merry mood, all freely talking and laughing. Some were staying at the hotel, and for the others a score or so of motor-cars were standing before its gates to take them inland

to their homes, or to houses where they were staying.

We suspended the conversation while they were passing us, within three yards of where we stood, and as they passed the story of the links where they had been amusing themselves since luncheon-time came into my mind. The land there was owned by an old, an ancient, family; they had occupied it, so it is said, since the Conquest; but the head of the house was now poor, having no house property in London, no coal mines in Wales, no income from any other source than the land, the twenty or thirty thousand acres let for farming. Even so he would not have been poor, strictly speaking, but for the sons, who preferred a life of pleasure in town, where they probably had private establishments of their own. At all events they kept race-horses, and had their cars, and lived in the best clubs, and year by year the patient old father was called upon to discharge their debts of honour. It was a painful position for so estimable a man to be placed in, and he was much pitied by his friends and neighbours, who regarded him as a worthy representative of the best and oldest family in the county. But he was compelled to do what he could to make both ends meet, and one of the little things he did was to establish golf-links over a mile or so of sandhills, lying between the ancient coast village and the sea, and to build and run a Golfers' Hotel in order to attract visitors from all parts. In this way, incidentally, the villagers were cut off from their old direct way to the sea and deprived of those barren dunes, which were their open space and recreation ground and had stood them in the place of a common for long

centuries. They were warned off and told that they must use a path to the beach which took them over half a mile from the village. And they had been very humble and obedient and had made no complaint. Indeed, the agent had assured them that they had every reason to be grateful to the overlord, since in return for that trivial inconvenience they had been put to, they would have the golfers there, and there would be employment for some of the village boys as caddies. Nevertheless, I had discovered that they were not grateful but considered that an injustice had been done to them, and it rankled in their hearts.

I remembered all this while the golfers were streaming by, and wondered if this poor woman did not, like her fellow-villagers cherish a secret bitterness against those who had deprived them of the use of the dunes where for generations they had been accustomed to walk or sit or lie on the loose yellow sands among the barren grasses, and had also cut off their direct way to the sea where they went daily in search of bits of firewood and whatever else the waves threw up which would be a help to them in their poor lives.

If it be so, I thought, some change will surely come into those unchanging eyes at the sight of all these merry, happy golfers on their way to their hotel and their cars and luxurious homes.

But though I watched her face closely there was no change, no faintest trace of ill-feeling or feeling of any kind; only that same shadow which had been there was there still, and her fixed eyes were like those of a captive bird or animal, that gaze at us, yet seem not to see us but to look through and

beyond us. And it was the same when they had all gone by and we finished our talk and I put money in her hand; she thanked me without a smile; in the same quiet even tone of voice in which she had replied to my question about samphire.

I went up once more to the top of the ridge, and looking down saw her again as I had seen her at first, only dimmer, swiftly, lightly moving or flitting moth-like or ghost-like over the low flat salting, still gathering samphire in the cold wind, and the thought that came to me was that I was looking at and had been interviewing a being that was very like a ghost, or in any case a soul, a something which could not be described, like certain atmospheric effects in earth and water and sky which are ignored by the landscape painter. To protect himself he cultivates what is called the "sloth of the eye": he thrusts his fingers into his ears, so to speak not to hear that mocking voice that follows and mocks him with his miserable limitations. He who seeks to convey his impressions with a pen is almost as badly off; the most he can do in such instances as the one related, is to endeavour to convey the emotion evoked by what he has witnessed.

Let me then take the case of the man who has trained his eyes, or rather whose vision has unconsciously trained itself, to look at every face he meets, to find in most cases something, however little, of the person's inner life. Such a man could hardly walk the length of the Strand and Fleet Street or of Oxford Street without being startled at the sight of a face which haunts him with its tragedy, its mystery, the strange things it has half revealed. But it does not haunt him long; another arresting

face follows, and then another, and the impressions all fade and vanish from the memory in a little while. But from time to time, at long intervals, once perhaps in a lustrum, he will encounter a face that will not cease to haunt him, whose vivid impression will not fade for years. It was a face and eyes of that kind which I met in the samphire gatherer on that cold evening; but the mystery of it is a mystery still.

—From *A Traveller in Little Things.*

XXV. MATCHES

—*E. V. Lucas.*

THE report having reached me that a friend, in his loyalty, has claimed that I am able, in default of richer themes, to write even on a match-box, I feel bound to see what I can do about it ; and I begin by marvelling that he should deem the subject a poor one. For a match-box is a symbol of the very start of things : 'Let there be light.' Every match that is struck carries this great primeval idea forward, whether it gives flame to an altar or a torch, to a gas-ring or a pipe, or merely illumines the darkness beneath the bed whither the collar-stud may have rolled. Let there be light.

And what millions of matches there are ! Leaving statistics aside, as most of us are so ready to do, I am convinced that every year an immensely greater supply of matches is at our service ; in wooden boxes, in cardboard boxes, in large boxes, in small boxes, some striking only on the box, some (after a while) striking anywhere, all costing nearly nothing and all being on sale not only in shops but in the streets. I myself am in daily contact with three persons, two men and a woman, two of whom proffer trays stacked with match-boxes, while the other, one of the men, produces them from his pocket ; and the reason why I buy from all three (even the woman) is not because I want such a quantity of these articles, but because it is notorious

that those who sell matches in the streets may be on their upward way to the higher slopes of Parnassus. If Shakespeare did not sell matches, it was only because matches had not been invented, and, therefore, he did what, in concealed genius, is that other needful thing, he held horses' heads. Just as we are told to give to every beggar, because he may be Jesus Christ in disguise, so—well, you see the corollary.

It has often been stated that Herbert Spencer, the philosopher, when he was asked what he thought was the greatest boon which had come to humanity in the nineteenth century, passed over photography and cold storage, telegraphy and telephoning, and everything of that kind, and named matches; and then he went on to contrast the ease with which we can now get a light, with the tedium of our ancestors' tinder-box, and, I assume, earlier still, with the difficulty of rubbing two sticks together. Whether there is any one left who is still such a die-hard as to rub two sticks together before he can boil the kettle, I do not know; but I seem to remember that the best Boy Scouts are able to do it, even if they prefer vestas. The art comes, I believe, under the heading of woodcraft, and I am sure I have seen a picture showing us how to perform it: but I should like to know if it is practised any more anywhere in the British Isles. In Papua possibly; but here?

In one respect, however, the man who carried a tinder-box, or even rubbed sticks together, had an advantage over the man who carried a match-box; for the man who carried a tinder-box or a pair of sticks could never come to the last match. To get a

light might take time, but he could get it; whereas after one has struck the last match there can be light no more. That is a tragedy of which Herbert Spencer, who probably did not smoke, took no account. Is there, I wonder, even in these phosphorescent times, when, as I have said, matches in profusion exist and can be bought everywhere, anybody who has never been approached by an unfortunate fellow-creature and asked for a light—or a Lucifer, mister—or has not himself done the approaching? And if even in this land of plentiful matches and cheap matches, such contretemps arise, think of what must happen in France, where matches, since they are a Government monopoly, are rare, far too rare for boxes to be placed on the tables of cafes. It is not until we discover the French caution with matches that we really understand what a free country England is. Personally I think that matches, over here, are a little too cheap and, over there, much too dear. A compromise would be good for both peoples: the French should be encouraged to be less parsimonious and careful, and we more so and thus be made more conscious of our benefits.

In considering how often modern man runs out of matches and has to borrow, it must be borne in mind that his needs have become more constant. Savages who rubbed sticks together required fire only for warmth, cooking, and possibly religion, and even our less remote ancestors who carried tinder-boxes did not carry also cigarettes. A few of them smoked; more of them took snuff; but the rank and file did neither. Smoking, in fact, is a comparatively recent development, and it is smoking that has increased the numbers of match-boxes and of their

rivals, lighters. But in my own case the lighter's rivalry is negligible, for I have no pocket in which to keep one, although for a match-box I always have room. Snuff-taking is said to be on the increase; but even so I have noticed among smokers a very great number of snuff-boxes diverted from their original purpose into match-boxes. In fact, I have carried them myself, but am more attracted by those silver cylinders about three inches long and of the thickness of a candle, in which gentlemen of the eighteenth century were wont to carry nutmegs to be grated on to food or drink. Now that nutmegs are carried no more, these boxes have become excellent for matches, which may be struck on the grater. I have two.

In some respects Herbert Spencer may have been, as Carlyle called him, 'the most unending ass in Christendom,' but I think he was right about matches. Far above any pen (which it would be a pleasure to do without) have they been a boon and a blessing to men, and Mr. Bryant and Mr. May, instead of being persons of whom we know nothing but their names, should each have a monument. I have always understood that one, at any rate, of them, Mr. Bryant, was a Quaker, and possibly Mr. May was a Quaker too, since business partners often belong to the same sect, and among the quiet grey folk this tendency is almost a rule. But I have no facts. All I can definitely remember is that an aunt of mine, who was authentically a Quaker and had strict views, pointing to the design of Noah's Ark on one of their 'Safety'-boxes, asked me if I thought it was quite nice—'Do thee think it quite nice of them,' she inquired, 'for a sacred event from

the Bible to be adapted by them to such a purpose ?' and perhaps that is why I think of Mr. Bryant and Mr. May, whose names have become familiar in the mouth as household words, in this way.

And another memory that I retain, rather more vague, is that either Mr. Bryant or Mr. May drove a four-in-hand ; and this I have always understood because the story was told that King Edward VII, when the Prince of Wales, perceiving the driver either from the ground or perhaps being a guest on the coach, remarked that Mr. Bryant or Mr. May, whichever it was, looked very striking on the box.

In any case we ought to know more about these associates. We can read in any biographical dictionary all about the other great partners, such, for example, as Beaumont and Fletcher who wrote plays, but we are told nothing about Bryant and May, because they merely made matches. Merely ! And nothing about Lea and Perrin because they merely made a sauce—Merely ! Yet there are exceptions, for the late Sir Edward Royce, of Rolls-Royce, although his firm merely made cars, could see, during his own lifetime, at Derby, a statue of himself, and already there have been one or two biographies of him. Yet how few people ride in Rolls-Royces, and how many consume sauce and strike matches !

—From *Adventures and Misgivings.*

XXVI. IN AND OUT OF BED

—Robert Lynd.

I WAS lately a patient in a nursing home in which every bedroom was called by the name of a saint and had a saint's name painted on the door. As a result of this custom the nurses commonly refer to a patient, not by his own name, but as 'Saint Francis' or 'Saint Theresa', or whatever may be the name of the room he occupies. Thus one morning, when I had left my morning tea to get cold, I heard my nurse calling to another nurse on the landing; 'Sister, when you're taking a cup of tea to Saint Paul you might bring one to Mr. Y.' For some reason the notion of Saint Paul and myself having morning tea more or less together raised my spirits to such a point that I at once took a turn for the better. I have never shared the modern prejudice against Saint Paul—a prejudice for which, I imagine, Matthew Arnold is largely responsible in this country. I certainly felt happier taking a cup of tea with him than I should have felt taking a cup of tea with Saint Augustine. I, I may say, was known in the nursing home for purposes of reference as Saint Mary. Myself I was a heretic in those severely Franciscan surroundings. When first I was taken out of the ambulance stretcher and deposited in bed and a nun, coming in to fill in a kind of census form about my age and other peculiarities, had reached the question 'Religion?'. I

answered diffidently: 'My father was a Presbyterian.' I did not wish to disown the creed of my forbears, but at the same time there are several points in regard to which I cannot go quite so far as Calvin and John Knox, and I could not say plain 'Presbyterian' without suggesting that I was slighlty more orthodox than I am in regard to predestination, for example, or in regard to the pope's being anti-christ. It would have been impolite to flaunt such an opinion as the last in the home of ministering angels professing a different creed. Besides, I have knelt to the pope and kissed his finger-ring in the Vatican, and was none the worse for it. John Knox would scarcely have done this, or regarded as a faithful Presbyterian a follower who did it.

For the time, however, I was not much concerned with theological niceties. Sitting propped up on a rubber air-ring, with fourteen pillows at my back and a pillow called a 'donkey' under my knees, I was content to think about nothing at all except what time of day it might be. In consequence of the early hour at which one begins the day in a nursing home I often got the impression that it was late afternoon when it was not yet eleven o'clock in the morning, and so much was I out of my reckoning about the hours that, after a doze one day, I found myself asking a nurse quite seriously: 'Is it to-day or yesterday?' Not that the time passed slowly. To lie with one's mind a perfect blank is not necessarily to be bored. Even when I was too tired to read, I had only to close my eyes to see a page of print before me—it usually looked like a piece of an unknown work by Dickens—and,

though I could not read it, I was greatly interested in trying to read it. Then, as the page came to an end, I would open my eyes to see it more clearly, expecting to find it in front of me, and was surprised to find nothing visible within reach except the pink blanket. Crossword puzzles also formed themselves before my eyeballs when the lids were closed—puzzles with difficult nonsensical clues like 'Sea-horse in Kirkcudbright'—and I spent a good deal of time trying to solve these till my opened eyes told me that they were not there. Apart from this the ministrations of nurses and doctors leave little opportunity for tedium. Was not the day punctuated by thermometer readings, draughts and medicine pellets, glasses of milk, and with my own prescription—sips of whisky as a preventive of pneumonia? Then, as temperature fell to normal, the food began to taste so delicious that I thought I had never tasted such fare since the war broke out, so that there was always a meal to look forward to. The very bread—even in peace-time it would be difficult to find bread of such celestial texture and flavour. As for the boiled egg or the orange that came with breakfast, how privileged a person one seemed to oneself at sight of them on the tray! There is something to be said just now for being a convalescent after a not too serious illness or accident. One can even with a good conscience keep a fire burning from daybreak or before it. In all things one belongs to a priority class.

Soon after comes the pleasure of recovery from helplessness. The humiliation of helplessness is at first rather overwhelming to any one to whom the

life of a patient is a novelty. One is reduced to the condition of a new-born baby's beautiful unconsciousness of its plight. Even though the adult human being quickly adapts himself to so unusual an environment, the first stirrings of self-help are a luxury beyond boiled eggs and oranges. To be able to wash one's hands and face is something. 'Do it thoroughly,' says the sister from County Louth. 'Behind the ears, mind; I'll investigate.' To be able unaided to right one's position in bed—to be able unassisted to get out of bed and to stand on the floor with the help of a hand on the mantelpiece—as one regains these capacities one ceases to be a new-born baby and becomes a child that has just learnt to walk and feels more independent than perhaps it will ever feel again. One of the pleasantest spectacles of life is a child at this stage, making its way carefully downstairs by holding on to the banisters and impatiently rejecting the hand of an elder who wishes to take an arm as a precaution against a tumble. In such a mood of challenging self-reliance does one make one's first journey across the bedroom floor to the window to look out at the world again—not quite so good a world as one had imagined while lying under the blankets with nothing in sight but the leaves of a plane tree tossed by the wind into curiously human and animal shapes like the clouds of one's childhood—but at least the wide world from which one had been for a brief time an exile.

Next came the pleasure of being able to walk to the bathroom, to dress oneself, to sit in an armchair for hours at a time and to read poetry or rubbish or nothing—especially rubbish or nothing.

As one sat there with the sun shining outside, the gas fire burning and good news coming over the wireless, the nursing home took on more and more the aspect of a holiday resort—a kind of wartime substitute for a deck-chair at the point of the Palace pier at Brighton. There was the same freedom from responsibility and a sense of duty, the same good weather reaching the mind through the body and inducing optimism in a loafer.

Still, the restoration of the power of walking was beginning to incite the blood to protest against this lotus-eating inactivity. Visions of myself taking a three-mile walk day after day till I died stirred me to noble purposes. Too much of my past life, I told myself, had been spent in an arm-chair—that contemptible halfway house between bed and manly vigour, and now that I had reached my second childhood and realized once more how much more delightful is activity than lethargy I would convert this new pleasure into a habit and rejuvenate myself in more natural ways than by swallowing tablets from a patent medicine bottle....

Now that I am at home again in an arm-chair I still dream of that three-mile walk, but with a daily weakening will. Perhaps with the next new moon or the return of double summer time my will will have grown stronger again, and I may begin walking for walking's sake. Or is it only in nursing homes that one cherishes such dreams, inspired by the proximity of the energetic Saint Paul with his unnatural passion for drinking tea at half-past five in the morning?

—From *Things One Hears.*

XXVII. THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR

—'*Alpha of the Plough*'.

WE shall not know his name. It will never be known, and we should not seek to know it. For in that nameless figure that is borne over land and sea to mingle its dust with the most sacred dust of England, we salute the invisible hosts of the fallen. We do not ask his name or whence he comes. His name is legion and he comes from a hundred fields, stricken with a million deaths.

Gaily or sadly, he went out to battle. We see him, as in a vision, streaming in by a thousand roads, down from the Hebrides and the glens of the North, from the mines of Durham and the shipyards of the Clyde and the Tyne and the bogs of Ireland, out of the factories of Lancashire and Yorkshire, up from the pastures of East Anglia and the moors of Devon, over the seas from distant lands, whither he had gone to live his life and whence he returns at the call of a duty that transcends life. In his speech we hear the echoes of a hundred countrysides, from the strong burr of Aberdeen to the lilt of Dorset and the broad-vowelled speech of Devon; but whatever the accent, it mingles in that song about Tipperary which, by the strangest of ironies, lives in the mind with the sound of the tramp of millions to battle.

He takes a thousand shapes in our minds. We see him leaving the thatched cottage in some remote

village, his widowed mother standing at the doorway and shading her eyes to catch the last glimpse of him as he turns into the high-road that shuts him from her sight; we see him throwing aside his books and bounding out of school or college with the light of adventure in his eye; we see him closing his little shop, laying aside his pen, putting down mallet and chisel, hammer and axe. We see him taking a million pitiful farewells, his young wife hanging about his neck in an agony of grief, his little children weeping for they know not what, with that dread foreboding that is the affliction of childhood, the old people standing by with a sorrow that has passed beyond the relief of tears. Here he is the lover and there the son and there the husband and there the brother, but everywhere he is the sacrifice. While others remain behind, perhaps to win ignoble riches and rewards, he goes out to live in mud and filth and die a lonely and horrible death far from his home and all that he loved.

And he is chosen, not because he is the tainted wether of the flock, meetest for sacrifice, but because he is the pride of the flock. In him we see the youth of England, all that is bravest and best and richest in promise, brains that could have won the priceless victories of peace, sinews that could have borne the burden of labour, singers and poets and statesmen in the green leaf, the Rupert Brookes, the Raymond Asquiths, the Gladstones, the Keelings, the finest flower of every household, all offered as a sacrifice on the insane and monstrous altar of war.

And with the mind's eye we follow him as he is swallowed up in the furnace. We see him fall-

ing on that desperate day at Suvla Bay, perishing in the deserts of Mesopotamia, struck down in the snowstorm on Vimy Ridge, dying on the hundred battlefields of the Somme, disappearing in the sea of mud churned up at Passchendaele, falling like autumn leaves in the deadly salient of Ypres, stricken in those unforgettable days of March, when the Fifth Army broke before the German onset. His bones lie scattered over a thousand alien fields from the Euphrates to the Scheldt and lie on the floor of every wandering sea. From the Somme to Zeebrugge his cemeteries litter the landscape, and in those graves lie the youth of England and the hearts of those who mourn.

Now one comes back, the symbol of all who have died and who will never return. He comes, unknown and unnamed, to take his place among the illustrious dead. And it is no extravagant fancy to conceive the spirits of that great company, the Chathams and Drydens and Johnsons, poets, statesmen and warriors, receiving him into their midst in the solemn Abbey as something greater and more significant than they. For in him they will see the emblem of the mightiest tribute ever laid on the nation's altar. In him we do reverence to that generation of Britain's young manhood that perished in the world's madness and sleeps for ever in foreign lands.

None of us will look on that moving scene without emotion. But something more will be required of us than a spasm of easy, tearful emotion that exhausts itself in being felt. What have we, the living, to say to the dead who pass by in shadowy hosts? They died for no mean thing. They died

that the world might be a better and a cleaner place for those who lived and for those who come after. As that unknown soldier is borne down Whitehall he will issue a silent challenge to the living world to say whether it was worthy of his sacrifice. And if we are honest with ourselves we shall not find the answer easy.

—From *Many Furrows.*

NOTES

I. ACME

JOHN GALSWORTHY (1867-1933), novelist and dramatist, was educated at Harrow and Oxford. Though called to the bar he gave up the idea of practising and devoted himself to travel and literature. His first great novel, *The Man of Property*, established his position as a painter of middle-class life. This and the two succeeding novels which comprised *The Forsyte Saga* deal with the fortunes of an upper middle class family of the Victorian era and represent the struggle between the desire for possession and the instinct of beauty that mocks at all bolts and locks. The theme is continued in some other novels, but they do not show the same artistry or insight. His passion for reform made him write a number of plays on social problems, the most important of them being *The Silver Box, Strife, Justice* and *The Skin Game.* His short stories include some of the best in the language. *ACME* is a fair specimen, displaying to the full the writer's powers of concentration and vividness of insight and detail. Everywhere, in his novels, plays and stories, Galsworthy shows a vigorous sense of drama and character, and writes a luminous and powerful style.

Adelphi : a district of London between the Strand and the Thames.

an original : an eccentric person.

hibernate : remain inactive.

Mark Twain : the pseudonym of the American humorist, Samuel Langhorne Clemens (1835-1910), the author of *Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn.*

had been the devil : had been full of difficulties.

affected : used here in two senses : (1) pretended to like, (2) had an effect on.

skit : a piece of humorous imitation intended to poke fun at the original.

yarn : story.

octoroon : a child of mixed parentage ; literally, a person having one-eighth negro blood.

corker : (slang) a first-rate thing that is beyond all discussion.

De La Casse : the name of an imaginary Creole family. The Creoles were descendants of white immigrants in the West Indies and the neighbouring mainland.

scenario : a sketch of the plot of a play or film.

gold mine : a source of wealth.

carte blanche : full powers of action ; lit., a blank paper given to a person to write his own terms on.

museum piece : a valuable piece of art worthy of being kept in a museum.

I'll light a fire with it : *i.e.*, by means of it I shall produce something as startling as a fire, I'll plunge the film world into waves of excitement over it.

authorless terms : meagre terms offered to an obscure author.

acme : highest point ; point of perfection.

how the deuce : how the devil.

spring an inheritance on him : give him a legacy all on a sudden.

biting off your nose to spite your own face : doing an injury to yourself because you are angry with some one else.

sneeze : treat it with contempt.

EXERCISES

1. Tell the story as briefly as you can.
2. Give a vivid account of what Bruce should have been thinking and feeling during his last interview with his friend.
3. Show clearly the steps by which the author leads up to the final solution in the story.
4. How far is the title 'ACME' justified ?
5. Write an account of any good film that you have seen. What are the defects of modern films in general ?

II. SUBHA

RABINDRANATH TAGORE (1861-1941), the greatest Indian writer of recent times, was at once poet, novelist, dramatist, philosopher and educationist. All his works are permeated by a deep religious feeling and profound idealism. *Gitanjali*, *The Crescent Moon* and *The Gardener* show him at his best as a poet and philosopher; the dramatist in him has produced three justly famous plays, *Chitra*, *The King of the Dark Chamber* and *The Post Office*. As a novelist and writer of short stories, he is mostly concerned with phases of life in his own native Bengal. His novels *Gora* and *The Wreck* reveal all his powers of sympathy, understanding and vivid portraiture, while short stories like *The Cabuliwallah*, *The Home-coming*, *Subha* and *The Postmaster* are among the most moving of their kind in any language. As an educationist he has left behind him an enduring monument in the Viswabharati University which grew out of a school that he founded in 1901.

deformity : a disfigured person (abstract for concrete).
benediction : blessing.
cicalas : a kind of insects producing a loud shrill sound.
losels : good-for-nothing persons.
the gem of a snake's crown : it was a popular belief that serpents had precious stones on their heads.
the lower world : Patalpur, the world of the *nagas* or serpents.

EXERCISES

1. Describe, in the manner of Tagore, the companionship that Subha found in Nature.
2. What idea do you get from the story regarding Tagore's own attitude towards Nature?
3. Bring out fully the pathos of Subha's situation in life.
4. What light does the story throw on social life among the Hindus of Bengal?
5. What is Tagore's criticism of that life?
6. Write an imaginary account of Subha's life after her marriage.
7. How would things have turned out if Subha was both dumb and deaf?

III. THE BURGLARS

KENNETH GRAHAME (1859-1932), Secretary to the Bank of England, wrote two beautiful studies of childhood—*The Golden Age* and *Dream Days*, and a book for children, *The Wind in the Willows*. For a sympathetic understanding of childhood and its problems he has had few equals; and his work is everywhere shot with a quaint and catching humour.

'The Burglars' is taken from *The Golden Age* which tells of the adventures of a family of children set in an English country side. The narrator is one of the boys.

the witching hour: time when witches are active; a reminiscence of *Hamlet*, III, ii:—

> 'Tis now the very witching time of night,
> When churchyards yawn.

Edward: the eldest of the boys.

Olympians: the Greek gods dwelling on Mount Olympus: here, a term applied by the children to the grown-up people who put on lofty airs.

listless, impotent way: that is the view of the children. they think that the grown-ups who enforce many inhibitions do not know how to enjoy themselves.

the new curate: Mr. Hodgitts.

apropos of: in respect of; concerning.

gone on: (slang) in love with.

this flaw: this defect of nature (being in love).

Bobby Ferris: one of Edward's friends in the neighbourhood.

spooning: behaving amorously towards.

dunno: don't know.

living in clover: living in ease and luxury; well off.

on tick: on credit.

dunned: urged to pay off the debt.

paddock: a small field for horses.

riled: (slang) made angry; irritated.

immure: shut up within walls.

tin: (slang) money.

kid: Harold, the youngest of the boys.

reconnoitre : look out and find out the position of the enemy.
exit : going out of the bedroom.
indolence : laziness.
devolve : cast ; pass on.
Cherokee-wise : like a Cherokee. The Cherokees are a race of American Indians.
aesthetically : from the point of view of art. The brothers are concerned only with the perfect manner in which Harold is squealing and not with any pain he may be suffering.
ad misericordiam : with a view to exciting pity in others.
leggo : let go.
abode : awaited.
a dark lantern : a lantern which has its light covered.
nefarious : wicked.
jaw : (colloquial) talking.
implications : Harold means 'imprecations' or curses—a malapropism.
Penny Dreadful : a thrilling story book that can be bought for a penny.
knife-and-boot boy : the boy who cleans knives and boots.
title-role : the part in a play that gives it its name, hence, the most important part in it.
cuticle : skin.
kudos : (slang) glory.
long-coated friend : the clergyman wearing a long coat.

EXERCISES

1. Write the story as if narrated by (*a*) Aunt Maria and (*b*) Mr. Hodgitts.
2. What aspects of childhood do you find exemplified in the piece ?
3. Bring out the humour of the incident.
4. Indicate the main lines of contrast between the children and the Olympians.

IV. HUNTED BY A BEAR

CHARLES READE (1814-1884), educated at Oxford, began his literary career as a dramatist and won a certain amount of success with *Masks and Faces.* His first popular novel was *Peg Woffington. The Cloister and the Hearth,* in which he achieved his greatest success, is a historical novel giving a picturesque account of life in XV century Holland, Burgundy and Germany. Falling in love with Margaret Brandt, the hero, Gerard, gives up all thought of entering the Church for which he is destined. The hostility of powerful enemies, however, prevents their marriage and makes him flee the country. During his wanderings in Germany, a Burgundian soldier, Denys by name, attaches himself to him and the two go through several exciting adventures. The present extract describes one such adventure.

rapine : robbery ; plunder.
clown : a clumsy country fellow.
bolt : an arrow for the cross-bow that Denys carried.
snap shot : a shot made without any delay in aiming.
Dusseldorf : city and river port of Germany.
walking like one in a dream : Gerard was thinking of his beloved.
intercepted : prevented from going further.
hold my hand : check myself from hacking it.
bailie : magistrate of a town.
died like Julius Caesar : When Julius Caesar, the famous Roman statesman and soldier, was attacked by his enemies he at first bravely defended himself. However, on seeing his own dear friend Brutus amongst them, he left off defending himself and allowed himself to be stabbed to death.
milksop : a weak and spiritless man.
one of your kidney : a man of your nature ; one so spiritless as you.
grazed : touched lightly.
reared : raised itself on its hind feet.
make short work of him : get rid of him quickly ; kill him soon.

jab : thrust at ; stab.
fork : the place at which the branch came off the trunk of the tree.
fascinated : deprived of the power to move or act by the compelling presence of the bear before him.

EXERCISES

1. Narrate the incident in your own words.
2. On whose side do the author's sympathies lie—on the bear's or on its enemies' ? Explain.
3. If Gerard were to write about the adventure to Margaret, how would he describe it ?

V. A SCHOOL MATCH

Ever since its publication in 1922 ERNEST RAYMOND'S *Tell England* has been extremely popular. It deals with the fortunes of three boys at Kensingstowe School and their subsequent experiences in the First World War. The early part of the books gives as vivid a picture of English Public School life as any in the language and can compare favourably with Hughes's *Tom Brown's School Days*, Walpole's *Jeremy at Crale* and Kipling's *Stalky and Co.* The extract in the text describes the exciting finish of a cricket match between the boys and their masters. The School team is already having a good lead when the masters go in for their second innings. Rupert Ray is narrating the incident.

The School : *i.e.*, the boys' eleven.
Radley : an assistant master, a good cricketer and a favourite with the boys, especially with Ray whom he had coached.
Tarnished Blues : sportsmen who had left their days of glory far behind. "Blue" is the term usually applied to representatives of Oxford and Cambridge in sporting contests.
Monion : the bowler on the boys' side.

at full-pitch : in the very middle of the pitch.

smote it for six : drove the ball over the boundary of the field so that he scored six runs.

Stock Exchange : the place in London where stocks and shares are bought and sold. The expectations of the crowd went through many variations, like the fluctuations of prices on the Stock Exchange.

Penny : Archibald Pennybet.

Doe : Edgar Gray Doe.

Rupert : Rupert Ray. Ray, Penny and Doe were in the same form.

dark horse : a person about whom little is known and whose actions are unpredictable ; usually applied to a horse that wins a race unexpectedly.

over : a succession of six balls bowled from one end. Doe means that Honion has finished his over, and is giving place to White at the other end.

Salome : the boys' affectionate nickname for their Headmaster.

Ee bless me, my man ! : one of the Headmaster's mannerisms was an excessive use of this interjection. He is here imitated by the witty chaps.

overthrow : the fieldsman's return of the ball which is not stopped at the wicket and which therefore allows further runs.

instep : upper surface of foot between toes and ankle. On his stopping the ball with his instep the umpire declared him out leg-before-wicket (l.b.w.).

pavilion : the building attached to the cricket ground for spectators and players.

mortification : gangrene, decay of the affected part.

hits to leg : 'leg' is the part of the field to the right rear of the batsman.

propagate the gospel : The clergyman's duty being to spread the teaching of the Gospels, the School Chaplain is jocularly said to be doing it by driving the ball in all directions.

evensong : evening prayers.

a boundary : a hit to the boundary of the field.

single : a hit for one run.

indecent ecclesiastic : immodest clergyman (the boys now regard him so because they think he ought rather to be indoors at his prayers than on the cricket field saving the Masters from an innings defeat).

ten members of his congregation : the ten fieldsmen of the boys who form part of the body of worshippers at his church.

caught in the slips : The fieldsman standing on the off side behind the chaplain caught the ball and the latter was given 'out'.

Erasmus and **Bramhall** were the two Houses in the school. Radley was assistant house-master at the latter.

execrations : curses.

wool-gathering : absent-minded.

in the field : Ray wrote this account of his school life while serving in the Great War of 1914-1918.

we might do it yet : the boys might still score an innings victory.

put Ray on : put him on to bowl.

bad form : for the crowd ought not to dictate to the players.

ecstasy : frenzy.

pull it off : achieve it ; bowl Radley out.

Wide ! : the umpire's cry when the ball passes the wicket beyond the batsman's reach.

block : the point of ground where the batsman blocks the ball and rests his bat, before playing.

Out ! : Radley was clean bowled out, and the boys achieved their innings victory.

EXERCISES

1. Narrate the story of the match as if told by Radley in a letter to Ray's mother.
2. What idea do you form from this extract of English Public School life ?
3. Write an imaginary account of the scene that followed the finish of the match.
4. Give as clear a sketch as you can of the emotions of Radley on being bowled out by his own favourite pupil.
5. Describe the finish of any thrilling cricket or football match you have seen.

VI. PARSON COLLINS PROPOSES

JANE AUSTEN (1775-1817), perhaps the greatest of English women novelists, was the daughter of a parish priest and lived for the most part in the country. She chose for her novels the narrow social circle in which she moved and depicted it with the utmost fidelity and ease. Though her works are lacking in elements of surprise and sensation, they are full of a spirit of comedy and gentle satire which raise them far above the level of mere transcripts from life. The best of her novels are *Pride and Prejudice*, *Emma*, and *Persuasion*.

The present extract is taken from *Pride and Prejudice*. Mr. and Mrs. Bennet of Longbourn have no male heir. Their estate is to pass by entail to a cousin, William Collins, a silly, pompous and highly self-satisfied young clergyman. He expects to alleviate the hardship caused by the entail to the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Bennet by making an offer of marriage to one of them. So at first he pays his attentions to Jane, the eldest of them. When, however, he is told that her affections are already engaged, he promptly transfers his attentions to his second cousin, Elizabeth, the most charming and vivacious of Jane Austen's heroines. The full comedy of his proposal of marriage and her reception of it is brought out in the piece selected here.

declaration : (here) proposal of marriage.

his leave of absence : It was granted to him by his patroness Lady Catherine de Bourgh, a haughty and insolent woman to whom he was most obsequious.

audience : Collins's pompous term for 'interview'.

her work : *i.e.*, her knitting-materials.

sensible : aware.

incessant employment : very busy knitting.

dissemble : pretend not to see or understand.

almost as soon as I entered the house : not quite true, for he had first thought of paying his addresses to Jane, the eldest of the Bennet girls.

the very noble lady : Lady Catherine de Bourgh.

Hunsford : in Kent, where his parsonage was.

quadrille : a game of cards very fashionable in the 18th century.

Mrs. Jenkinson : an old woman living with Lady Catherine.

Miss de Bourgh : the only daughter of Lady Catherine.

I will visit her : truly a great condescension on her ladyship's part !

the 4 per cents : *i.e.*, 4 per cent consols in which Mrs. Bennet had some holdings.

lead you to the altar : marry you.

EXERCISES

1. Give an account of Parson Collins's proposal of marriage to Elizabeth Bennet.
2. Imagine that you are Mr. Collins and write a letter to Lady Catherine informing her of what has taken place between you and Elizabeth.
3. What would Elizabeth write in her diary on the day Collins proposed to her ?
4. What do you learn of the character of Collins ?
5. Indicate the main lines of Elizabeth's character as revealed in the episode.
6. Wherein lies the comedy of the incident ? Show how it is unfolded.

VII. BOSWELL'S MEETING WITH DR. JOHNSON

James Boswell (1740-1795), son of a Scottish judge, studied law and travelled much. In 1763 he met Dr. Johnson, and under the spell of his strong personality devoted most of his time to making records of the sayings of that great man. This ultimately bore fruit in his *Life of Samuel Johnson* (1791), the greatest biography ever written in English. Boswell also wrote an account of a tour he made with Johnson (*Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*) and a history of Corsica. As a man, Boswell had several defects, and his life was not much of a success ; but posterity gratefully remembers him for his masterpiece.

Samuel Johnson (1709-1784), one of the finest types of English character, was the son of a bookseller at Lichfield. Poverty forced him to leave Oxford without taking a degree, and after unsuccessful attempts at schoolmastering, he came to London in search of a career. After a good deal of miscellaneous literary work for printers and booksellers, he established his reputation with the publication of a Dictionary of the English Language (1755). His learning, wit, shrewdness and high social instincts soon gave him the position of the greatest authority in the world of English letters. It was at this time that Boswell met him. The extract in the text gives Boswell's description of the meeting.

Thomas Davies (1712-1785): a bookseller and actor.

Covent Garden: district of London, north of the Strand and east of Trafalgar Square, famous for its theatre and for its fruit and vegetable market.

though upon the stage: Actors in those days were supposed to have questionable characters.

back-parlour: the sitting room at the back of the shop.

awful approach: Johnson being such a great celebrity, Boswell was filled with awe at his approach.

Horatio: Hamlet's friend who announces the approach of the Ghost, *cf.* Shakespeare's *Hamlet,* I. iv. 38.

Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792): a great portrait painter and first President of the Royal Academy. He was a close friend of Johnson, Burke and Goldsmith.

his prejudice against the Scotch: This was one of his many prejudices. He was wont to indulge in gibes at Scotchmen, *e.g.* "The noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him to England." Nevertheless, he took easily to young Boswell and accompanied him on a tour to the west of Scotland.

That, Sir, I find, etc.: Johnson is suggesting that Scotchmen leave their poor homes in quest of careers elsewhere.

Garrick : David Garrick (1717-1779), the greatest actor and producer of the day, had been Johnson's pupil and had come with him to London.

Miss Williams : the daughter of a Welsh physician and a woman of some literary talent. Ever since she came to London for an eye operation she was an inmate of Johnson's household.

animadversion : criticism.

the Temple : district of London between Fleet Street and the Thames embankment.

Thornton : a miscellaneous writer and wit.

Wilkes : a member of Parliament, noted for his attacks on the king.

Churchill : a friend of Wilkes who satirized the Scots.

Lloyd : Secretary to Grenville, ex-prime minister.

repaired : went.

Dr. Blair : Dr. Hugh Blair, who preached very popular sermons.

Dr. James Fordyce : a Presbyterian clergyman noted for the eloquence of his sermons.

James Macpherson (1736-1796): a man of some literary ability who published what he pretended to be an epic translated from an ancient Gaelic poet called Ossian. Dr. Johnson, among others, doubted the genuineness of Macpherson's work. It is now regarded as a literary forgery.

EXERCISES

1. Describe in your own words Boswell's first meeting with Johnson.
2. Summarise your impressions of the character of Johnson.
3. Write an essay on Johnson's wit.
4. What are the chief characteristics of Boswell's biographical method ?
5. Give your account of an imaginary interview with Dr. Johnson in his chambers in the Temple.

VIII. THE DEATH OF NELSON

ROBERT SOUTHEY (1774-1843), poet, reviewer and historian, wrote voluminously in verse and prose. He is now best remembered for his friendship with the poets, Wordsworth and Coleridge. His short poems *My Days Among the Dead Are Past*, *The Inchcape Rock*, and *The Battle of Blenheim* ; and his biography of Nelson. *The Life of Nelson* (1813) is one of the very few short biographies written in a simple straightforward style. Even though Southey does not show any mastery of historical fact or technical detail, he manages to give a clear narrative of Nelson's life and character with discriminating sympathy and tolerable accuracy.

Horatio, Lord Nelson (1758-1805), the most famous of English seamen, entered the navy early in life and rose to be successively Commodore and Commander-in-Chief. In the Battle of Trafalgar, the crowning achievement of his life, he completely routed the combined French and Spanish fleets and saved England from all fear of a French invasion. But at the moment of his victory he received a mortal wound. The selected extract describes his last moments.

the *Redoubtable* : one of the French ships.

struck : surrendered ; lit., lowered her flag as a sign of surrender.

mizen-top : the top of the mizen-mast, the mast nearest the stern or hind part of the ship.

epaulette : the ornamental piece on the shoulder ; part of his decoration. Before the action, his friends had implored him not to wear all his decorations lest he should be recognised by the enemy, but he had not heeded them.

Hardy : Nelson's flag-captain, an ancestor of Thomas Hardy, the novelist.

tiller-ropes : the ropes connecting the rudder and the wheel.

rove : fastened, (p.p. of 'reeve').

his stars : his naval decorations.

the cockpit : the quarters of the junior officers on the lowest deck, used as a hospital during the action.

pallet : a mattress.

midshipmen's berth : part of the cockpit occupied by the midshipmen. A midshipman is a junior officer having a rank below a sub-lieutenant.

momently : every moment.

the event : the issue ; result.

the *Victory* : Nelson's flagship.

tacked : changed their course.

Lady Hamilton (1761-1815): the wife of Sir William Hamilton, the English ambassador at Naples. Nelson's liaison with her was the one spot in an otherwise noble character. He had a daughter by her, Horatia.

Beatty : the ship's surgeon.

live a little longer : so that he might be sure that the victory was complete.

the enemy : enemy ships.

anchor : cast anchor, so that the ships might be secure against any gales.

Collingwood : Nelson's lieutenant who led the second line of attack against the enemy. After Nelson's death he took over the command of the fleet.

throw me over-board : throw my dead body into the sea (as is usually done to sailors).

I have done my duty : Nelson's order of the day had been : " England expects every man this day to do his duty."

a great sinner : Nelson was thinking of his illicit alliance with Lady Hamilton.

prizes : captured ships.

Cadiz : seaport of Spain.

Villeneuve : the French admiral. He was a prisoner in England till the spring of 1806. On his return to France he stabbed himself. Southey's account of his death is coloured by British prejudice.

court-martial : trial by a court of inquiry composed of (here) naval officers.

the tyrant : Napoleon Buonaparte. The suggestion is that Napoleon had him killed for his failure at Trafalgar.

a public monument : Trafalgar Square in London, with the Nelson Column and the statue of the hero at the top.

interment : burial.

maritime war : war at sea.

" old men from the chimney corner " : quoted from Sir Philip Sidney's *Apologie for Poetrie.*

the Chariot and the horses of fire : Elijah, the Hebrew prophet, was carried up to heaven in a chariot drawn by horses of fire. As he went up, his mantle fell from him. It was regarded by his successor Elisha as a sign of Elijah's inspiration ; hence " mantle of inspiration ".

translation : carrying to heaven without death.

the old mythologist : Hesiod, the Greek poet. The lines are quoted from his *Works and Days.* He is called mythologist because in his poem *Theogony* he deals with the birth of the gods.

verifying : fulfilling.

EXERCISES

1. Describe the manner in which Nelson met with his death.
2. How did the English nation mourn his death ?
3. What virtues of the English seamen do you find illustrated in the extract ?
4. Compare Southey's biographical method with Boswell's.
5. Re-tell, as if by Captain Hardy, the last scene on board the *Victory.*

IX. FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE AT SCUTARI

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (1863-1944), a Cornishman by birth and educated at Clifton and Oxford, held for many years the chair of English Literature at Cambridge. A man of great versatility and fine taste, he distinguished himself as a novelist, critic and anthologist. The best

known of his works (mostly published under the pen-name 'Q') are *The Splendid Spur, Troy Town, Studies in Literature*, and *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. The present selection is from his *The Roll Call of Honour*, a collection of short lives of nine leading figures of the nineteenth century.

Florence Nightingale (1820-1910), the founder of modern methods of nursing and hospital practice, was born of very well-to-do parents. Inspired by a passion for service she turned down attractive offers of marriage and in the teeth of her parents' opposition studied nursing. Her opportunity came when, at the outbreak of the Crimean War, English soldiers suffered intolerable hardships and a storm of indignation broke out in England. Florence volunteered her services and with a band of devoted nurses hastened to the front. By her untiring zeal and energy and her wonderful powers of organisation she evolved order out of chaos, reformed the hospitals and brought down the death-rate among the soldiers.

The selection describes her work at Scutari where the base hospital was situated.

the battle of Inkerman : the battle fought on November 5, 1854, between the British and the Russians in which both sustained heavy losses.

Russell : William Howard Russell, the war correspondent of the London *Times* who in his despatches to that paper had given gruesome pictures of the plight of British soldiers in Crimea and had whipped up the nation's indignation.

Varna : a port in Bulgaria. It was the headquarters of the British and French forces during the Crimean War.

the *Prince* : a vessel carrying soldiers, stores, etc.

proved : tested the qualities of.

detachments : bands.

orderlies : attendants in the military hospital.

knights : devoted followers like the knights of the Middle Ages.

conning-tower : the shot-proof pilot-house in a modern battleship.

the convalescent : persons recovering from sickness.
Levantine : an inhabitant of the Levant or the coastal regions of Asia Minor.
coppers : laundry boilers made of copper or iron.
the Queen of England : Queen Victoria.
the New Year : 1855.
Sebastopol : seaport of Russia on the Black Sea to which the British and their French allies had laid siege.
cramps : contraction of the muscles from severe chill.
frost-bitten : affected by the frost-bite ; an inflammation of the skin caused by exposure to extreme cold.
lamp in hand : Hence she came to be called 'The Lady of the Lamp'.
Balaklava : a harbour eight miles from Sebastopol, used as a base by the British.
the back . . . . broken : the most difficult part of her work had been effectively tackled.
exchanged : *i.e.*, between the Russians within the fortress and the Allies outside.
battery : the platform from which the guns were fired. It had three pieces of cannon, and was hence called "Three Mortar Battery."
M. Soyer (1809-1858): a famous French chef or cook. He had been head cook at the Reform Club when he came out to the seat of war.
centre mortar : the cannon in the centre.

EXERCISES

1. Give an account of Florence Nightingale's work at Scutari.
2. Describe as clearly as you can the condition of the hospital at the time of her arrival.
3. "Her life was too valuable to be lightly risked." Explain and amplify.
4. What impression have you formed of Miss Nightingale's personality ?
5. Compile a despatch to *The Times*, as from Russell, describing Miss Nightingale's labours at Scutari.

X. THE RELIEF OF LONDONDERRY

THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY (1800-1859), essayist, historian and poet, was educated at Cambridge and entered politics. He spent a few years in India as a member of the Supreme Council and was instrumental in introducing the study of English here. On his return to England he devoted himself to politics and literature. His chief writings are the *Essays* (most of which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*), a *History of England from the Accession of James II*, and a collection of poems, *The Lays of Ancient Rome*. *The History of England* is his *magnum opus*, and, in spite of his political prejudices and occasional inaccuracies, is unrivalled as a vivid historical narrative written in a highly finished rhetorical style and has all the charm of a romantic novel.

The present selection exemplifies all the virtues of Macaulay as a historian. It describes the heroic manner in which the Protestant English settlers of Londonderry (in Ireland) held out against the Catholics who supported the deposed King James II. The Catholics, assisted by the French, laid siege to Londonderry and hoped to starve the town to surrender. The siege lasted for one hundred and five days, from April 16 to July 30, 1689.

the fire of the enemy : the gunfire from the besiegers.

bastions : projecting parts of the fortifications.

breaches : gaps in the fortifications made by gunfire.

indefatigable : untiring.

doled out : given out sparingly.

sepulture : burial.

Walker : George Walker, an aged clergyman, one of the two governors of the town.

corpulent : bulky ; fat.

expedient : prudent.

the English ships in Lough Foyle : On June 15, some English ships carrying Lieutenant-General Percy Kirke and his men had arrived from Liverpool and cast anchor in the Bay of Lough Foyle.

the boom : a barrier which the besiegers had thrown across the river to prevent vessels coming with provisions to the town. "Large pieces of fir-wood, strongly bound together, formed a boom which was more than a quarter of a mile in length, and which was firmly fastened to both shores, by cables a foot thick." (Macaulay).

sanguine : hopeful.

sick with deferred hope : *cf.* "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." (*Proverbs,* xiii. 12).

hold out : last ; endure.

dispatch : official communication.

under the convoy : escorted by the armed vessels.

remonstrated : protested.

armament : naval force.

merchant-men : ships carrying merchandise.

frigate : a small war-ship.

Captain John Leake who distinguished himself as an Admiral in the reign of Queen Anne.

the Foyle : the river Foyle which flows into Lough Foyle.

the Irish camp : the camp of the besiegers.

squadron : a small group of war-ships employed on a particular service (as here).

broadside : discharge of all guns on one side of the ship.

ghastly : pale ; deathlike.

grounded : ran aground; lay stranded.

ankers : casks ; lit., an anker is a measure of wine or spirits in Holland and Germany.

grace : short prayer of thanksgiving before or after a meal.

bonfires : large open-air fires celebrating their relief.

Strabane : a town on the Foyle, 14 miles from Londonderry.

Avaux : the Count of Avaux, the French ambassador accompanying James, the deposed king, on his Irish expedition.

blockade : shutting-up of a place in order to starve it to surrender.

cannonading : continuous firing of guns.

between nations : between the English, and the Irish assisted by the French.
the nation : the English nation as represented by the Protestants of Ireland.
William : King William III, who had taken the place of James II, his father-in-law.
the Diamond : an inn.
their Majesties : King William and Queen Mary.

EXERCISES

1. Describe the sufferings of the citizens of Londonderry.
2. How were they relieved ?
3. Bring out the virtues of the defenders.
4. On which side do Macaulay's sympathies lie ? Why ?
5. What characteristics of Macaulay's historical method do you observe in the selected extract ?

XI. FIRE SHIPS IN CALAIS HARBOUR

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE (1818-1894), historian and essayist, was educated at Westminster and at Oxford where he later on became Professor of Modern History. His essays, collected together in *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, are excellent reading and deal with travel, criticism, history and stories. His most ambitious work is a *History of England* from the death of Wolsey to the defeat of the Spanish Armada. In it he shows himself a superb literary artist, master of a vivid and lucid style, but in spite of honest researches, many inaccuracies mar its worth as history.

The present extract, taken from his *English Seamen of the Sixteenth Century*, reveals his capacity for simple eloquent narrative.

The Spanish Armada was a mighty fleet fitted out by Philip II of Spain for the invasion of England. It sailed from Spain in July 1588. The English ships effectively attacked the Spaniards, damaging many of their splendid vessels. The Duke of Medina Sidonia, a high Spanish nobleman who was in command, and who knew nothing

of fighting by sea or land, decided to take refuge in Calais Roads and repair the damage done to his ships. In order to create confusion and bring out the Spanish vessels from their safe anchorage, the English sent a number of fireships into their midst, and fully succeeded in their object.

a week so trying : for the English ships had been incessantly harassing them.

rigging : spars, ropes, etc.

splintered : broken into pieces.

put to rights : arranged properly.

the Duke : the Commander of the Spanish Armada.

San Martin : the Duke's flagship.

poop deck : the aftermost and highest deck.

pinnace : an eight-oared boat.

Howard's lines : lines of ships under Howard. Lord Howard of Effingham commanded the English fleet.

Hugo de Moncada : one of the Spanish officers.

the Queen : *i.e.*, Queen Elizabeth.

the Commission at Ostend : Negotiations for peace between Philip and Elizabeth were going on. Elizabeth sent her commissioners to Ostend to carry on the negotiations with Parma, Philip's general.

Drake : Sir Francis Drake (1545-1596), one of the bravest of English seamen, the first to circumnavigate the world. He was commanding the *Revenge* ship.

Seymour : Lord Henry Seymour who was in command of a detachment of the Queen's ships.

notice had not been given : for the Queen was notoriously vacillating and miserly.

the adventurers : the private ships which had come out to take a hand in the fight for their Queen and country.

the sour beer : The contractors who had caught the infection of the Queen's niggardliness had supplied sour wine which made the sailors sick.

flurry : agitation.

Parma : The Duke of Parma was Philip's governor in the Netherlands. Philip's plan was that the Armada should sail up the Channel, reach Dunkirk and take the army of Parma on board.

perilous complications : The French were at this time neutral, and if the English violated their neutrality by entering their waters, they would range themselves on the side of the Spaniards.

the roads : Calais roads. 'Roads' is the name given to a piece of water near the shore where ships can lie at anchor.

the *Ark* : The *Ark Raleigh* was the Lord High Admiral Howard's flagship.

Hawkins : John Hawkins, a daring seaman, fought in his own ship *Victory*.

Martin Frobisher : another great Elizabethan sailor.

anchorage : the place where they rode at anchor.

bravado : a show of courage.

told off : sent on duty.

endemoniada gente : Spanish for 'devilish fellows'.

galleons : the Spanish ships of war.

the action off Plymouth : the first encounter between the Armada and the English ships.

phantom forms : ghost-like shapes.

water-line : the line at which the water touches the side of the ship.

truck : a wooden disc at the top of the mast.

heretics : The English being Protestants, they were regarded as heretics by the orthodox Spaniards.

Antwerp : in the Netherlands. When the Protestants of the Netherlands rose in rebellion against their Spanish rulers, many English men went out to help them. Antwerp was one of the scenes of their activities.

Diego Florez : an admiral under the Duke.

a single accident : one ship with Don Hugo de Moncada had gone on the sands.

EXERCISES

1. Give an account of the circumstances leading to the ruse of the fireships.
2. What do you learn of the chief characteristics of English and Spanish seamen ?
3. Compare Froude's historical method with Macaulay's.

XII. A LETTER TO REV. JOHN NEWTON

WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800) was educated for the law, but never practised as he had to be in an asylum. He did not recover completely from his malady, and had to live a retired life among sympathetic friends. Inspired by them he devoted himself to poetry. He wrote some of the best known hymns, 'God moves in a mysterious way' and 'Hark, my soul, it is the Lord!'. He is now remembered for these as well as for some shorter poems (like *Boadicea*, *John Gilpin*, *Yardley Oak*, *The Poplar Field*, and *To Mrs. Unwin*) and his charming letters. His letters are among the most homely and personal in the language, written with perfect lucidity and exquisite grace.

The letter selected here was addressed to his friend Rev. John Newton.

it being his majesty's pleasure, etc. : a humorous way of saying that he is writing before the dissolution of Parliament by the king.

alacrity : cheerful readiness.

turbulent times : The War of American Independence had been over just a few months back, and at home the Younger Pitt was finding it difficult to be the Prime Minister with a minority in the House of Commons. The country was seething with discontent of one kind or another.

Orchard Side : where Cowper lived with his friend Mrs. Mary Unwin.

water-mark : *i.e.*, highest point reached by the tide.

the two ladies : Mrs. Unwin and Cowper's cousin, Lady Hesketh, who was on a visit.

netting : making a hammock.
gentleman : Cowper himself.
worsted : woollen yarn.
Puss : Cowper's tame hare.
candidate : a person seeking election (to Parliament).
grand entry : front door.
draper : dealer in cloth.
senator : member of Parliament.
a third also : a monocle.
dispute between the Crown and the Commons : In December 1783 George III dismissed the ministry of Fox and North though they possessed a large majority in the Commons, and asked William Pitt the Younger to form a ministry. Pitt was defeated several times in divisions until in April he dissolved Parliament.
consequence : importance.
the town : Olney.

EXERCISES

1. Bring out the full comedy of the visit of the Parliamentary candidate.
2. What features of Cowper's character are revealed in this letter ?
3. What are Cowper's virtues as a letter-writer ?
4. Write an account of the visit of a candidate for the Legislative Assembly of which you have ever been a witness.

XIII. HAZLITT'S LETTER TO HIS SON

William Hazlitt (1778-1830), essayist and critic, a friend of Wordsworth, Coleridge and Lamb, had a rather unhappy life. The most important of his works are the collections of his essays *Winterslow* and *Sketches and Essays* and the volumes of literary criticism *Lectures on the English Poets, English Comic Writers, The Spirit of the Age* and *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays.* Hazlitt's taste was wide but not eccentric and his style steeped in literary flavour.

The present letter was addressed to his only son, William Hazlitt (1811-1893).

indifferent : rather bad.
place of destination : place to which he was bound. *i.e.*, the school.
put up with them : tolerate.
anticipate : expect.
make them out : try to prove them to be.
set yourself against them : oppose them.
bad reasoning : wrong way of thinking.
disarm their hostility : remove their enmity.
pique : ill-feeling ; enmity.
keep up appearances : make a show.
idle sneers : empty words of contempt.
betimes : early in life.
concern : anxiety, loving regard.
get the better of this : overcome this weakness.
humouring : gratifying ; pleasing.
consequence : importance.
thwarted : crossed ; opposed.

EXERCISES

1. Summarise Hazlitt's advice to his son.
2. What sort of a boy does Hazlitt's son seem to you ?
3. Imagining yourself to be the son of Hazlitt, write a letter to your father describing your first experiences at school.

XIV. MY FATHER, DO NOT REST !

Shrimati Sarojini Naidu (1879-1949) needs no introduction to Indians. A life-long fighter for the freedom of India, she was also one of the rare spirits who could write English poetry successfully. At the time of her death she was the Governor of Uttar Pradesh, the first woman to occupy that exalted position in India.

This speech was broadcast from the Delhi Station of the A.I.R. on February 1, 1948, three days after the assassination of Mahatmaji "the Father of the Nation", and gives eloquent expression to the grief of a vast nation as well as to the personal grief of one who was for long closely associated with him in weal and woe.

Like Christ of old : According to the account in the Bible Jesus Christ rose from the dead on the third day and appeared from time to time to his followers.

the third day : February 1, 1948, the day on which Gandhiji's "ashes" were collected from the place of cremation. He had been assassinated on 30th January.

blasphemy : an act of profanity.

full complement of garment : a complete garment. Mahatmaji would wear only a loin cloth.

the might of empires, etc. : Mahatmaji had risen against the mighty British with their vast empire and inexhaustible resources and won in the struggle.

embattled : arranged for battle.

he who seeks his life etc. : (*St. Luke*, ix. 24) "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it ; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it."

his last fast : undertaken as a result of the communal riots in the Punjab, Delhi and Bengal.

tenets : principles ; doctrines.

dastardly : cowardly. Mahatmaji's murderer was Godse, a Hindu,

unswervingly : not turning off from the right direction.

dead to the faith : no longer believing in it.

vivisection : dissection of a living being. The speaker means that by the death of Mahatmaji some of his close friends have lost a part of themselves.

of what avail : of what use.

legatees : persons to whom something has been left as a legacy.

implement : fulfil ; complete.

enhance : heighten ; increase.

the carriers of his banner : those who carry on his work.

radiance : brightness ; light.

epic of his character : his character which was as grand and heroic as a national epic.

mandates : commands.

legion : a vast number.

premonition : warning beforehand.

translated : conveyed.

like St. John in the bosom of Christ : as dear to him as St. John was to Christ. *cf. St. John,* xiii. 23 : "Now there was leaning on Jesus's bosom one of his disciples, whom Jesus loved."

make him laugh : Sarojini had a fund of humour with which she could make her Master laugh.

Sevagram : near Wardha, where Mahatmaji had set up his headquarters and training centre for rural reconstruction work.

Noakhali : in East Bengal, the centre of rabid communal riots. Mahatmaji toured the place in July and August of 1947.

in the city of kings : in Delhi, the seat of many kingdoms and empires. Godse shot him when he was at his prayer-meeting in front of Birla House.

cremation : the burning of the dead body. It took place on the banks of the Jumna, at the place now called 'Raj Ghat'.

honours of a great warrior : The funeral procession was accompanied by several regiments of soldiers.

EXERCISES

1. Indicate clearly the multitude of emotions surging within the breast of the speaker.
2. "Sorrow is out of place, and tears become a blasphemy." How does the speaker establish this ?
3. Summarise the services of the Father of the Nation.
4. Give an account of the ideals for which he stood.
5. "He was the kingliest of all kings." Prove this claim.
6. Write a short essay on Mahatmaji's influence even after his death.

XV. AN APPEAL TO THE NATION

WINSTON CHURCHILL (born 1874), soldier, man of letters, and statesman, has been the greatest war leader of modern times. When the outlook was most gloomy for the Allies in the Second World War, when England herself was subjected to ruthless air attacks and when the whole of the continent of Europe seemed to lie at the feet of Hitler, Prime Minister Churchill kept up the morale of his nation and by untiring industry and wonderful organisation he turned the scales against the enemy and ultimately led the Allies to victory.

The present speech, broadcast to the nation on 14th July 1940, when England was expecting every moment to be invaded, has been selected for inclusion here as being a masterpiece of stirring eloquence.

blockading : preventing (the German fleet) from coming out of their ports.

the sad duty .... French Navy : When in June 1940 France was defeated by Germany, it was feared that the French fleet would fall into the hands of the Germans who would use it against the Allies. The British therefore had to destroy the French warships. This was a "sad duty", for the French had been on the side of the Allies.

capital ships : battle cruisers.

armistice terms at .... Compiegne : The armistice between Germany and France was signed in the forest of Compiegne.

armistice : cessation from fighting.

transference : handing over.

endangered : caused danger to.

act as we did : *i.e.*, destroy the French ships.

forthwith : without delay ; immediately.

Moroccan harbour : a harbour in Morocco in North Africa.

Toulon : the chief naval station in the south of France.

derange our preponderance : upset our superiority.

molest : meddle with.

melancholy phase : sad stage. It is sad to destroy the fleet of a nation which has been an ally.

Fourteenth of July : The anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, the prison-fortress in Paris, on 14th July, 1789, is celebrated as a national festival in France.

Champs-Elysees : an important street in Paris.

unfurling scroll of human destiny : the course of events in human history that gradually reveal themselves, like a roll of parchment that is slowly opened.

my faith : His hope has been fulfilled.

reproaches : *i.e.*, of the French who had yielded to Germany.

tremendous struggles : as in the First World War of 1914-1918.

cries of delirium : referring to the French protests at the disabling of her ships at British hands.

delirium : a disordered state of mind when the patient shouts, struggles, etc.

offices of good-will : acts of service done out of friendliness.

parts of the great French empire : The outlying parts of the French Empire refused to accept the armistice terms signed at Compiegne and ranged themselves on the side of Britain.

subject to : liable to the disabilities of.

thraldom : slavery.

long and hard : It was nearly five years after this that the war formally came to an end.

Gestapo : the German secret police.

breach : gap.

the tyrant : Hitler.

unfolding purpose : a divine purpose that unfolds itself.

fighting by ourselves alone : It was a year later that Russia and the United States of America entered the war.

city of refuge : city of London.

title-deeds : a legal document showing one's right to any possession.

consequence : importance.

girt about : surrounded.

impending assault : invasion that may happen at any moment.

ordeal : severe trial.
seek no terms : ask for no concessions from the enemy.
parley : discussion of terms.
vigil : keeping watch.
on-lookers across the Atlantic : the Americans.
Nazi war machine : the ruthless military organisation of the Nazis, the party in power in Germany.
poisoned by intrigue : Fifth-columnists were at work there creating trouble.
undermined : injured by secret means.
munitions : military equipment.
the last war : the war of 1914-18.
striking power : power to deliver blows.
parachutists : enemy troops who might be landed by parachute.
air-borne invaders : invaders brought by the German aeroplanes.
get short shrift : get no mercy ; lit., get no time for confession before their death.
Local Defence Volunteers : persons engaged in civilian work, but who could be formed into fighting units at the shortest notice.
come to close quarters with : come very near ; meet in fight.
placid : mild ; tame.
abjectly : miserably ; despicably.
convoys : ships sailing together under the protection of warships.
White Ensign : the flag of the Royal Navy.
patrolling : going round keeping watch.
U-boat : German submarine.
tonnage : total freightage of the merchantships.
under our own flag : belonging to our own mercantile marine.
uplands : hills.
proceed to all extremities : take all extreme measures.
go all lengths : go to any extremity.
unknown warriors : warriors whose names are never known ; see the introductory note to Gardiner's essay *The Unknown Warrior.*

EXERCISES

1. Bring out the spirit of the English nation as seen in Mr. Churchill's call to his countrymen.
2. By what arguments does Mr. Churchill exhort them to greater efforts ?
3. How does he encourage them and sustain them with hope of victory in that dark hour ?
4. Describe Mr. Churchill's qualities of leadership as seen in the address.
5. Compare the oratorial method of Shrimati Sarojini Naidu with Mr. Churchill's.

XVI. A STRIKE-LEADER'S SPEECH

(*For a note on the author, please see the introductory note to Galsworthy's ACME.*)

This speech, taken from Galsworthy's play *Strife*, illustrates a kind of oratory different from Mr. Churchill's and Shrimati Sarojini Naidu's. The men of the Trenartha Tin Plate Works have been on strike for over three months. David Roberts, an ardent champion of workers' rights, who has himself nothing to gain by the strike, is leading them and setting his face against any compromise with the Board of Directors. But the hardships that the men and their wives are enduring gradually make them impatient of Roberts's leadership. When, therefore, a meeting is held to review their position, Henry Thomas, an old man, and George Rous, till now a stalwart supporter of Roberts, appeal to the men to come to terms with the Board. The men applaud them and decide to throw Roberts over. When Roberts stands up to address them they do not want to hear him. He confronts them and silences them by a steadfast look. With the most biting sarcasm and incisive logic, he demolishes the arguments of Thomas and Rous. He denounces capitalist methods and paints in vivid colours the signs of surrender in all but one of the Directors. By his

eloquence and transparent sincerity he almost wins over the men to his way of thinking.

Rous : George Rous has been a firm adherent of Roberts, but now, under the influence of Madge Thomas with whom he is in love, he deserts Roberts.

that old man : Henry Thomas, an old man and a chapel-goer.

Sim Harness : Simon Harness, Secretary of the Central Union, who has been trying to bring about a settlement between the men and the Board.

treated you so fair : The Central Union had refused to support the demands of the men.

men from London : i.e., the Directors.

Bulgin : John Bulgin, one of the men, who has turned against Roberts ; starvation has made him a pathetic figure.

break my jaw : Just before Roberts began speaking Bulgin had muttered "He'd better look out that I don't crack 'is skull."

less to gain : Being an engineer, Roberts is not an ordinary workman, and therefore has nothing to gain by the strike. He is an idealist and believes in the rights and privileges of Labour as against Capital.

his principles are but his belly : Thomas's only principle is that of getting enough food for himself (and his family).

dead beat : completely exhausted.

give in : yield ; come to terms.

chuck : fling ; throw down.

Henry Rous : George's brother.

lip : (slang) impudence.

blood-sucker : *i.e.*, capital which sucks the blood out of the labourers.

the old men : the Directors.

one of them : John Anthony, the Chairman of the Board of Directors, unyielding till the very end, even when his son turns against him.

worst that can happen to me : At the conclusion of this harangue news is brought of the death of his wife Annie from sheer exhaustion caused by the strike.

EXERCISES

1. Sketch the character of Roberts as seen from this address.
2. Roberts states the case of Labour against Capital. What can you say in favour of Capital ?
3. What are the chief characteristics of Roberts's mode of utterance ?
4. Why is Roberts anxious to continue the strike ?

XVII. A BOAT JOURNEY IN THE ANTARCTIC

Sir Ernest Shackleton (1874-1922), sailor and explorer, was associated with several expeditions to the Antarctic. He showed all that was best in the great explorers of all time—a zest for discovery, an indomitable courage and splendid powers of organisation and leadership. The selection in the text is taken from his *South*, a record of his Antarctic expedition of 1914-1916. His ship *Endurance* broke on account of the pressure of ice, and after enduring the bitterest hardships, they came to Elephant Island. But it was a precarious shelter. Thereupon Shackleton decided to sail in a boat across 800 miles of tempestuous seas and bring relief from South Georgia. The selection describes the latter part of the journey.

freshened : became strong.

the *James Caird* : the boat.

swell : the heaving of the sea with waves.

eighth, ninth and tenth days : The voyage began on April 24, 1916.

navigating : directing the course of.

Worsley : a quick and accurate navigator. There were four others in the boat besides Shackleton and Worsley—McNeish, McCarthy, Vincent and Crean.

spell at the tiller : his turn at steering the boat.

sleeping-bag : a warm bag into which one would creep to sleep in the open.

sagging to the dead weight : tilting sideways on account of the weight of the water.

bailed : threw water out of the boat.

gear : equipment.
the carpenter : McCarthy.
the promised land : South Georgia, a place where they expected to secure happiness—a place, as happy to them as Canaan, the land promised to Abraham by God. (cf.*Genesis,* xii. 11)
brackish : slightly saltish.
breaker : a small barrel.
stove in : had a hole sprung in it. 'Stove' is the p.p. of the verb 'stave'.
striking : coming upon ; happening to reach.
watches of the night : the four-hour turns of duty at night.
kelp : a large kind of seaweed.
shags : a kind of seabirds.
irradiated : lighted up our faces.
stood in towards : held our course for.
tussock-grass : a kind of tall grass native of S. America.
starboard tack : course on the right side of the boat.
safe offing : a safe position at sea away from the shore.
hove to : brought the boat to a standstill.
seascape : scene at sea.
lee shore : shore to the leeward or sheltered side of the boat.
claw off : sail away from the shore.
double-reefed : having double reefs or stripes in the sail.
reefs : ridges of rocks.
under the lee of : in the shelter offered by.
yeasty backwash : the wave retiring from the shore and covered with yellow foam.
iron-bound : surrounded by barriers of rock.
thwart : a bench placed across the boat.
backstays : ropes from the masthead.
carried away : been broken.
indentation : a deep recess in coastline.
boulder-strewn : having boulders or small stones scattered about.
bows : the fore-end of the boat.
painter : rope attached to the bow of the boat.
line : rope.

EXERCISES

1. Give an account of the experiences of Shackleton and his party during the last stage of their boat journey.
2. What qualities do you find in Shackleton and his men ?
3. Imagine yourself to be the carpenter McCarthy and write a letter to your parents on your arrival in King Haakon Bay.
4. Narrate the story of any adventure in which you have had a part.

XVIII. CLIMBING THE ALPS

F. S. SMYTHE, (died 1949) famous mountaineer, spent all his days in climbing difficult peaks. He was associated with several expeditions to the Himalayas and climbed Everest, Kamet and a number of other mountains. Through his vigorous prose he manages to convey the hardy mountaineer's joy in fighting against the elements among scenes of unparalleled splendour and beauty. The selected piece is taken from his *An Alpine Journey* and describes one of his adventures in the summer of 1932.

our intention : Smythe's companion was H. B. Thompson.
the Jagihorn : a high peak in the Swiss Alps.
hut book : the guide book found in the hut at the foot of the peak.
the *Grey Gendarme*, *Great Step*, and *Yellow Wall* are the names given to the different parts of the ridge.
impasse : position from which there is no escape.
end-on : with its end facing us.
pinnacle : peak.
tough customer : difficult person to deal with.
His Satanic Majesty : the spirit of the Mountain.
piton : a metal nail to which is attached a ring.
belayed : coiled.
husband : economize and thus save up.
After nearly two days : It is necessary to remember that this and the three succeeding paragraphs relate to the adventure with Bell on the Aiguille du Plan.

petered out : came to an end.
splayed out : wide and flat and turned outward.
vestige : trace ; sign.
bivouac : temporary encampment at night without a tent.
nonchalance : cool indifference.
rucksacks : bags worn on the back for carrying their necessaries.
a fate . . . . Alpine routes : Routes that were difficult to negotiate would come subsequently to be regarded as quite easy ones.
chimney : a narrow cleft.
ice-axes : axes for cutting steps in the ice.
sinuosity : curving movement.
a cheval : on all-fours.
col : a pass, or gap in the ridge.
bergschrund : a wide and deep crack between a glacier and the upper slopes of a peak.

EXERCISES

1. Recount in your own words the story of Smythe's climbing of the Jagihorn.
2. Compare Smythe and Shackleton as lovers of adventure.
3. Summarise the difficulties that an Alpine climber has to face.

XIX. SOME APRIL INSECTS

Richard Jefferies (1848-1887), essayist, novelist and naturalist, was the son of a Wiltshire farmer and showed great powers in observing Nature, and representing her faithfully and tenderly. He has therefore sometimes been called a prose Wordsworth. He is at his best in his sketches of country life—*Wild Life in a Southern County*, *Wood Magic*, and *Field and Hedgerow*. *The Story of My Heart* is his a penetrating spiritual autobiography.

'Some April Insects' is taken from *Field and Hedgerow*.

humble-bee : bumble-bee, a large kind of bee.
hyacinths : a kind of plants with bell-shaped flowers.
purple one : *i.e.*, a purple hyacinth.
clods : lumps of earth.
in ambush : lying in wait.
weather-meter : an instrument for indicating the weather.
east wind : a chill or nipping wind from the east.
mycelium : mushroom spawn.
the population of China : nearly 500 millions.
millennium : a period of a thousand years when Christ would be reigning on earth. cf. *Revelation*, xx. 1-5.
mandibles : the upper pair of jaws.
the consumptive : Jefferies himself died of consumption.
phthisis : pulmonary consumption.
nugatory : worthless ; futile.
collector : the collector of specimens.

EXERCISES

1. Give, after the manner of Jefferies, an account of the ways of life of bees and ants.
2. "The Collector is the most terrible parasite of all." How does Jefferies arrive at this conclusion ?

XX. A JOURNEY THROUGH SPACE

Sir James Hopwood Jeans (1877-1946), educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, distinguished himself as a mathematician and astronomer. He was one of the few scientists who could talk and write about their subject in a popular and interesting fashion. *His Universe Around Us*, *The Mysterious Universe*, and *The Stars in their Courses* have all the fascination of a romance.

The extract in the text is a slightly shortened version of the second chapter of *The Stars in Their Courses*.

Telescopic observation : accurate watching and noting of characteristics by means of a telescope.

rocket : a kind of cylindrical metal case that can be projected into height. These are days when we frequently hear about the possibility of reaching the Moon in the next few years by means of powerful rockets.

gravitational pull : the attraction or pull exercised by the Sun by which all other bodies are drawn to it.

steely whiteness : whiteness like that of steel.

fairyland hues : wonderful colours suggesting a land of fairies.

after-glow : glow in the west after sunset.

half-tones : vague effects of colour or light.

murky : dark.

craters : mouths of volcanoes.

extinct : no longer active.

weathered : exposed to changes in weather.

paradise : heaven ; happy place.

aretes : sharp mountain ridges.

lunar : of the Moon.

molecules : small groups of atoms of which matter consists.

a projectile : something that can be projected or shot out into space, *e.g.*, a rocket.

M. Lyot of Meudon : a French scientist.

non-conductor : a thing that does not conduct (heat).

lagging : providing a non-conducting cover.

spouting up : springing up.

cascades : falls.

Jack's beanstalk : Jack, the hero of a nursery tale *Jack and The Bean-stalk*, gets some beans in exchange for his cow. His mother is angry with him and throws the beans out of the window. To their surprise they find in the morning a bean-stalk growing up into the clouds. Jack climbs up the stalk and kills a giant.

brace ourselves : firmly prepare ourselves.

vaporised form : the form of vapour.

EXERCISES

1. Describe as clearly as you can the experiences of a traveller through space.
2. Give an account of the characteristics of the moon.
3. What is the sun like when viewed at close quarters ?
4. What conception of the universe do you get from Jeans's magic voyage ?

XXI. CRICKET

NEVILLE CARDUS (born 1889), for several years the Cricket and Music Correspondent of *The Manchester Guardian*, has enriched the English language with fascinating studies of the national game. His beautiful limpid prose breathes the very spirit of the game and the country-side. His *Autobiography* is of absorbing interest.

The extract is taken from his book *Cricket*.

I travel : because he has to report matches.

cliffs trodden by King Lear : the cliffs among which King Lear is supposed to have wandered. see Shakespeare's *King Lear*.

Cricket season : the English cricket season generally lasts from April to August.

Woolley : Frank Woolley, a Kentish batsman who played several times for England against Australia.

" laughter of friends under an English heaven " : adapted from Rupert Brooke's poem *The Soldier* :

> " And laughter, learnt of friends ; and gentleness,
> In hearts at peace, under an English heaven."

cadence : (1) fall ; (2) music.

flannels : white flannel trousers.

a jewel : because it shines with the raindrops.

intermittent : stopping for a time.

tracery of leaf and twig : The tender leaves and twigs appearing on the trees in spring are like the ornamental work on buildings. They then appear to be ' modest ', but in summer they become ' full grown and arrogant.'

Little Puddleton : a typical small village (imaginary).
centuries : A century is 100 runs.
Lord's : cricket ground in St. John's Wood, London, regarded as the headquarters of the Marylebone Cricket Club (M.C.C.) and of English cricket generally. It is called after its founder Thomas Lord.
Crude but not inglorious Hobbs : an imitation of a phrase in Gray's *Elegy* :

"Some mute, inglorious Milton."

Hobbs : a famous Cambridge and Surrey batsman who played in many test matches against Australia.
willow : the cricket bat is made of willow wood.
thwacks : strikes heavily.
leather : leather-ball.
set their teeth : clench their teeth.
the deep : the part of the field where fieldsmen are placed behind the bowler, near the boundary.
heyday : full flush ; height of glory.
rhetorically : in a spectacular manner.
vaunting : showing boastfully.
a cup-tie final : the final match for the Association Football Cup.
the new darling : the new favourite, *i.e.*, football. The Football season begins in autumn, when the cricket season ends.
Eastbourne : in Sussex.
his game's carpet : grassy field.
somnolent : sleepy ; not exciting.
burns a dull slow fire : goes on in an uninteresting fashion.
bodefully : ominously ; threateningly.
foozle : (slang) bungle.
hedges : surrounds.
long-on : the fieldsman standing at the bowler's right or left rear.
the rubber : the deciding match ; lit., the third match when each side has won one.
Clem Hill and Victor Trumper : famous Australian batsmen.

Wilfred Rhodes : English bowler.
for all he was worth : (slang) with his utmost efforts.
A. E. Knight : an English cricketer.
Sydney multitude : The match was played in Sydney.
Macdonald : An Australian fast bowler.
break-back : a ball which after pitching turns from the off-stump.
crease : line defining his position.
contumely : disrespect ; insolent treatment.
Lord Halsbury : (1823-1921), Lord Chancellor of England, who edited *The Encyclopædia of the Laws of England* in 28 volumes.
'sport of kings' : like hunting or chess. The quotation is from William Somerville (1645-1742).
W. G. Grace : (1848-1915), who dominated English cricket for 50 years, a great batsman, bowler and fieldsman.
Albert Memorial : erected in 1876 in memory of Prince Albert, Queen Victoria's Consort.
National Debt : the term used to denote the collective debts of the English nation.
Harvest Moon : the Full Moon in September.

EXERCISES

1. Summarise Cardus's reflections at the close of the cricket season.
2. How does English cricket reflect the English seasons ?
3. " The game is a capricious blend of elements." Explain and amplify.
4. Why is cricket a peculiarly English game ?
5. To what extent does the extract A SCHOOL MATCH show the justice of Cardus's observations ?
6. Write an essay on the relative merits of cricket and football.

XXII. THE MAN IN BLACK

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-1774), poet, essayist, novelist and dramatist, passed his early years in Ireland. After some wanderings on the continent he settled down in London. Beginning his work as a contributor to magazines, he soon became a friend of Dr. Johnson and other wits and men of letters. There was no literary form that he did not try, and none in which he did not attain excellence. His poems *The Traveller* and *The Deserted Village* are two of the best known poems of the eighteenth century ; *The Vicar of Wakefield* is a classic among English novels ; *She Stoops to Conquer* is an enchanting comedy of humour ; his essays, collected together in *The Citizen of the World*, are full of shrewd observation of and sympathetic insight into humanity at large. His prose is unsurpassed for its elegance and lucidity, and for its lack of any mannerisms. His gentle humour and abundant humanity make him perhaps the best loved of all English writers.

The present essay is taken from *The Citizen of The World*, a collection of imaginary letters from a Chinese philosopher, Lien Chi Altangi, to friends in China. Through these letters Goldsmith conveys a salutary criticism of English society and institutions.

The Man in Black : whom he had met for the first time during a visit to the Westminster Abbey. Goldsmith has endowed him with some of his own characteristics.

tinctured : coloured with ; marked by.

inconsistencies : contradictions ; differences between his principles and his practice.

humorist : (in the older sense of) an eccentric person.

a nation of humorists : The Chinaman thinks that all Englishmen are to some extent eccentric and that his friend is more so than any other.

profusion : lavishness ; extravagance.

affects : pretends.

a prodigy of parsimony : a conspicuous example of miserliness.

replete with : full of.
sordid : base ; ignoble.
dilated : expanded.
unbounded : unlimited.
profess : pretend to be.
compassion : pity.
language .... nature : harsh abusive words.
benevolence : charitable nature.
hypocrite : one who pretends to be good and virtuous.
indifference : lack of any feeling.
on every unguarded moment : whenever he is not careful to keep up his pretence of ill-nature.
the mask : the pretence or disguise of ill-nature ; lit., a mask means a covering for the face.
excursions : rambles.
discourse upon : talk about.
provision for the poor : Every parish had a poor-house where the poor were lodged and provided with work.
relieve occasional objects of charity : give alms to stray beggars.
discontented : because of the harshness of the overseers and the wretchedness of the facilities given.
vagrants : wandering beggars. The Vagrancy Act provided for the punishment of such offenders.
sensible : aware.
imposture : deception ; cheating.
imposed upon : deceived.
in this strain : in this tone or manner.
remnants of tattered finery : a few torn pieces of clothes which were once fine.
prepossessed : prejudiced ; warned previously.
operate upon his countenance : produce changes in his face.
harangue : loud address.
discover : reveal ; show.
petitioner : one who begs for something.
passengers : travellers.
unperceived : unseen.
rail against : abuse.

animosity : enmity ; hatred.
threw in : added.
wistfully : sadly eager.
engagement : conflict ; fight.
importance : air of dignity.
studied : meditated ; mused.
relieve himself : lessen his pain or anxiety for the sailor.
how : *i.e.*, at what price.
matches : chips of dry pine-wood dipped in melted sulphur (used in the 17th and 18th centuries).
into the bargain : moreover ; also.
expatiated : spoke at large.
averred : declared.
consideration : a thing given in return.
panegyric : excessive praise.
withstanding : not feeling the influence of ; resisting.
vivacity : liveliness ; lively talk.
dissimulation : pretence of not feeling (any pity).
visage : face.
ineffable : unspeakable ; too difficult to express in words.

EXERCISES

1. Sketch the character of the Man in Black.
2. Give an account of his encounters with the beggars.
3. What idea do you get from the essay about life in eighteenth century England ?
4. Why does the Chinese philosopher like to have the Man in Black for a friend ?
5. Do you like this essay ? State your reasons.
6. Point out instances of the author's humour and shrewd observation of human nature.

XXIII. DREAM CHILDREN : A REVERIE

Next to Goldsmith, CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834) is the most lovable of English writers. A clerk in the East India House for the best part of a life-time, and living with a sister who was subject to fits of insanity, his was a pathetic life. But his nature was never soured, and he found

relief from the pain of circumstances in the society of friends and in literary work. He tried his hand at many things—stories for children, poems, plays, criticism and essays. *Tales from Shakespeare* (which he wrote in collaboration with his sister) and *The Adventures of Ulysses* still hold the field as excellent children's classics. The best part of his work comprises the two series of *The Essays of Elia* in which are collected together his contributions to the various periodicals and his occasional writings. They are mostly autobiographical, revealing with inimitable pathos and humour, aspects of his own life, his impressions of mankind in general, and of some of his friends and acquaintances in particular. Steeped as he is in the older authors, his style has a quaint flavour about it, the beauty of which is enhanced by his whimsical humour.

Lamb never married, though in early life he was in love with one Ann Simmons. But he was ever a lover of domestic life and of children. All his unfulfilled desires are poignantly expressed in *Dream Children*, in which he pretends to be narrating to his children his early experiences in the house where his grandmother Field lived.

Reverie : a day-dream.

stretch .... conception : form in their minds some idea.

traditionary : the story of whose existence is handed down by tradition, from father to son.

grandame : grandmother.

my little ones : the children of Lamb's imagination.

great-grandmother Field : Mary Field, Lamb's grandmother. She was house-keeper at Blakesware in Hertfordshire, the seat of the Plumers, a rich and ancient family. Lamb stayed with her in 1781 when he was but six years old.

a great house in Norfolk : Lamb has changed the location of Blakesware just for the sake of disguise.

the tragic incidents .... Children in the Wood : *The Children in the Wood* is a ballad or short narrative poem written about the end of the XVI century. The story is that of two babes, whose ruffianly

uncle hires assassins to slay them so that he might get their property. One of the assassins taking pity on the children kills his companion and leaves them in the wood. They die of hunger and exposure and their naked bodies are covered with leaves by robin red-breasts.

the chimney-piece : the mantel-piece, the structure of wood or marble above and around the fire-place.

in its stead : in its place.

Alice and John : the two Dream-children.

put out : put on ; assumed.

upbraiding : reproachful.

committed : entrusted ; given in charge.

stripped : pulled off.

Abbey : the Westminster Abbey, which contains the tombs of many kings, statesmen, poets and other distinguished personages.

Lady C : an imaginary lady of wealth but of no taste.

tawdry : having too much tasteless ornament.

concourse : crowd.

the Psaltery : the Prayer-Book.

the Testament : *i.e.*, the New Testament, the second part of the Bible dealing with Jesus Christ, his life and teaching.

involuntary : unintentional ; unconscious.

desisted : stopped.

apparition : appearance ; vision.

the twelve Caesars : the emperors of Rome, successors of Julius Cæsar.

fluttering tapestry : hangings or curtains moving in the breeze.

panels : boarding on the wall.

nectarines : a kind of delicious peaches.

offering : attempting.

forbidden fruit : fruit he was warned not to touch, like the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge which Adam and Eve were forbidden to eat. cf. *Genesis* ii. 17.

melancholy-looking yew-trees : because they are generally found in gloomy churchyards.

orangery : place where oranges are grown.

grateful warmth : the warmth of the hot-house in which the oranges are grown and to which he is grateful.

dace : a kind of small fresh-water fish.

sulky pike : sullen or gloomy pike. The pike is a kind of large fresh-water fish.

state : dignity.

relinquish : give up.

irrelevant : not appropriate or fitting to the occasion.

John L. : John Lamb, Lamb's elder brother.

moping about : going about in depression of spirits.

mettlesome : spirited.

imp : child.

pent up : shut up.

man's estate : manhood.

became lame-footed : In 1796 John Lamb's foot was severely injured by a falling stone.

make allowances for : allow for ; take into consideration.

he died : John Lamb died in October 1821, and this essay was written soon afterwards. John Lamb did not deserve all the tender tribute that his brother pays him, for he was selfish and left his brother to go through his difficulties unaided.

took off his limb : Lamb suggests that his brother's leg was amputated. This is probably an invention on his part.

Alice W . . . . n : Alice Winterton, standing for Ann Simmons. Ann Simmons married a pawnbroker named Bartrum.

re-presentment : re-appearance.

receding : going back.

uttermost : extreme.

what might have been : the children Lamb might have had, if he had married Alice.

shores of Lethe : Lethe, according to Greek mythology, is a river in the nether world. The souls of the dead drink of its waters and forget their past. After that, they are re-born into life on earth.

Bridget : Lamb's sister Mary. It was because there was no one else to take charge of her that he gave up all thoughts of a married life.

EXERCISES

1. Give in your own words Lamb's account of his early days.
2. Bring out the pathos of the piece.
3. Show clearly that Lamb has a perfect understanding of the nature of children.
4. What do you learn of Lamb's own character ?

XXIV. THE SAMPHIRE GATHERER

W. H. HUDSON (1841-1922), a South American by birth who became an English citizen, was a distinguished naturalist, a minute observer of birds and insects. He was an observer of human beings as well. With something of the temperament of the poet Wordsworth, he was particularly responsive to the influence of Nature, and showed in his works infinite sympathy and abounding humanity. Among his better-known works are *The Book of A Naturalist* and *Far Away and Long Ago,* the latter an account of his early life.

"The Samphire Gatherer" is taken from his volume *A Traveller in Little Things,* published in 1921.

Samphire gatherer : one who gathers samphire. Samphire is a plant with fleshy leaves growing on cliffs. It is used in pickles.

sand-hill : a ridge of loose sand by the sea-coast.

sea-flat : a bit of marshy ground near the sea.

at intervals : now and then.

mysterious : inexplicable.

shadowy something : the shadow of something the nature of which cannot be understood.

conjecture : a guess.

saltings : marshes overflowed by the sea.

fathom : penetrate ; understand.

links : ground on which golf is played.

Conquest : the Norman Conquest of England (1066 A.D.).

establishments : households.

debts of honour : gambling debts.
make both ends meet : live within his income.
incidentally : by chance.
dunes : sand-hills.
recreation ground : ground where they had their pastimes.
common : unenclosed land belonging to all the people in the village.
the agent : who represented the landlord.
caddies : boys attending on golf-players.
rankled : remained bitter.
captive : kept a prisoner.
certain atmospheric effects : certain impressions produced by the atmosphere on the eye, which cannot be expressed in a picture, and which are therefore omitted by the painter.
sloth of the eye : an unwillingness to take notice of such atmospheric effects.
that mocking voice : his self-reproach.
the Strand, Fleet Street, Oxford Street : famous London streets.
lustrum : a period of five years.

EXERCISES

1. Describe as clearly as you can the effect produced by the old woman on the author.
2. What do you learn of the landscape in the essay ?
3. Narrate the story of the links ? What is its moral ?
4. Give examples of Hudson's minuteness of observation.
5. Do you learn anything from the essay about Hudson's character ?

XXV. MATCHES

EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS (1868–1938), essayist, novelist and humorist, has written the standard biography of Charles Lamb and is more fully imbued with Lamb's spirit than any other writer of recent times. He is a typical practi-

tioner of the modern essay and displays to the full the lightness of touch, the playfulness, the personal intimacy and the gentle humour generally associated with it. The selected essay shows that the theme does not matter at all ; it is what the essayist makes of it that is of profound charm.

loyalty : *i.e.*, to the author.

in default of : in the absence of.

the very start of things : the creation of the world. When He found the newly created heaven and earth enveloped in darkness, God said, "Let there be light", and light came into being. (*Genesis*, I. 3.)

primeval : ancient.

gas-ring : a ring with holes for gas, used for cooking purposes.

illumines : lights up.

proffer : offer.

those who sell matches .... Parnassus : these poor people struggling for a livelihood are probably men of letters who might subsequently reach the giddy heights of literary fame.

Parnassus : a mountain in Greece, which was sacred to the Muses, the goddesses of poetry and the arts.

held horses' heads : According to one tradition Shakespeare, after his arrival in London, was at first a holder of horses at the doors of the play-houses, while the owners went inside to witness the performances.

the corollary : *i.e.*, I give something to the vendors of matches in the streets.

Herbert Spencer (1820-1903) : the founder of evolutionary philosophy.

tedium : tediousness ; being tiresome.

tinder-box : a box containing some dry substance, flint and steel for kindling fire.

die-hard : a person who resists innovations to the last.

vestas : wax matches which can be ignited by friction.

Papua : British New Guinea, mostly inhabited by aboriginal tribes.

phosphorescent times : times when light is plentiful.
Lucifer : a kind of friction-match.
contretemps : unlucky accident.
compromise : adjustment between two conflicting things.
parsimonious : miserly ; frugal.
the rank and file : lower classes, ordinary people.
nutmegs : a spice.
grated : reduced to small particles.
Bryant and May : well-known manufacturers of matches.
Quaker : a member of a sect called Society of Friends.
the quiet grey folk : *i.e.*, Quakers, so called from their dress and manners.
Noah's Ark : the vessel in which Noah took refuge at the time of the Deluge. (*Genesis*, vii.)
do thee think : Quakers generally use 'thee' for 'thou'.
a four-in-hand : a vehicle with four horses.
very striking : a quibble on the two senses : (1) impressive, and (2) hitting the horses. There is also a reference to the gentleman's manufacture of boxes of matches.
Beaumont and Fletcher : Francis Beaumont (1584-1616) and John Fletcher (1579-1625) wrote some fifteen plays in collaboration.
Lea and Perrin : manufacturers of sauces.
Rolls-Royce : a very luxurious type of car, manufactured by the Rolls-Royce Co., originally founded by C. S. Rolls and Edward Royce.

EXERCISES

1. Write, in the manner of Lucas, a panegyric on matches.
2. Give examples of Lucas's humour and satire.
3. What is the spirit underlying this essay ?
4. Compare the style of this essay with Lamb's.
5. What opinion have you formed from this essay about the personal characteristics of Lucas ?

XXVI. IN AND OUT OF BED

ROBERT LYND (1879-1949), for many years the writer, under the pseudonym 'Y.Y.', of the middle articles in the *New Statesman*, has published several volumes of essays and sketches. He is an essayist of rare charm, and shows a happy blending of lightness, playfulness, wit, humour, satire, self-revelation, and above all abundant wisdom and humanity. He never puts on airs, he makes us feel completely at home with him, that he is one of us having the same foibles as we. His style appears easy and familiar, but he makes a careful choice of his words, and he has an uncanny genius for hitting off phrases and epigrams.

The present essay is taken from the volume *Things One Hears,* published in 1945.

nursing home : a private house for keeping patients or for surgical operations.

St. Francis : St. Francis of Assisi (1182-1226), the great Italian saint.

St. Theresa, (1515-1582): a Spanish saint.

landing : the platform between two flights of stairs.

St. Paul : the patient in the room called 'Saint Paul'. St. Paul who became a follower of Christ after his death was responsible for the spread of His teaching in the Roman Empire.

took a turn for the better : began to be better—a humorous exaggeration.

modern prejudice against St. Paul : Though St. Paul was undoubtedly the greatest of the Apostles, his faith in the divinity of Christ has been attacked by some thinkers.

Matthew Arnold, (1822-1888) : English poet and critic. He, unlike St. Paul, did not believe in the divinity of Christ, and criticised St. Paul's interpretation of the Hebrew prophecy (in his *St. Paul and Protestantism* published in 1870).

St. Augustine, (353-430) : an African saint, whose *Confessions* is the greatest autobiography in the world.

Saint Mary : the name of the room occupied by 'Y'.

heretic : one who is not orthodox in religious matters

Franciscan : belonging to the order of the Franciscan friars, a body of religious men who go about serving people. The simplicity of the furnishings in the nursing home and its religious atmosphere are suggestive of the Franciscans, who are running it.

Presbyterian : belonging to the Scottish church.

forbears : ancestors.

Calvin : John Calvin (1509-1564), a French theologian, was the founder of an extreme form of Protestantism. John Knox (1515-1572) introduced Calvinism into Scotland.

predestination : the belief that "all that is to be is eternally and changelessly decreed" and that each individual is destined beforehand to everlasting weal or woe ; a kind of belief in fate. This is the central idea of Calvin's teaching.

Pope's being anti-Christ : The extreme Protestants believe that the Pope is anti-Christ, *i.e.* a person or power hostile to Jesus Christ ; the term is mentioned in the Epistles of St. John.

ministering angels : nurses tending the sick ; with reference to *St. Mark,* i. 13 : "And the angels ministered unto him". The phrase has been popularised by Shakespeare and Scott.

kissed his finger-ring : the manner of paying homage to the Pope.

Vatican : the official residence of the Pope in Rome.

niceties : subtleties.

air-ring : a rubber pillow inflated with air.

donkey : so called, probably because it is passive under the patient's knee.

reckoning : calculation.

Dickens : Charles Dickens (1812-1870), the English novelist, author of *David Copperfield, Pickwick Papers* and *Oliver Twist.*

ministrations : services.

punctuated : marked at intervals.

the war : the Second World War (the essay was written during the war). War-time England saw severe restrictions on food ; everything was in short supply, but rules were relaxed in favour of patients.

priority class : class of people who are given first preference, or special consideration.

humiliation : loss in self-respect or dignity.

the first stirrings of self-help : when one is able to move about without help.

the sister from County Louth : the Nun or nursing sister whose home is in County Louth, Ireland.

investigate : examine.

right : make right or proper.

banisters : the handrails of the staircase.

the good news : news of the victories of the Allies in the War.

Brighton : a holiday resort in the South of England. Palace Pier is one of the two piers there.

loafer : idler.

lotos-eating inactivity : the inactivity characteristic of the Lotos-eaters, a race of people inhabiting a coast visited by Ulysses and his men, who ate of the fruit of the lotos plant. Tennyson has written a well-known poem on the subject. Note the spelling 'lotos'.

second childhood : (here) the period when due to illness he has been as helpless as a child ; generally, used of extreme old age when one is feeble in mind and body.

lethargy : torpor ; sluggishness.

rejuvenate : make young again.

double summer time : Summer time is a device by which daylight is saved in summer by advancing the clocks by one hour. But during the Second World War, time was advanced by two hours—hence 'double summer time'.

EXERCISES

1. Describe clearly the thoughts and feelings of a patient in a nursing home.

2. What are the attractions and compensations to be found in a sojourn in a nursing home ?
3. What idea do you get from the essay about nursing homes in general ?
4. Bring out Lynd's humour.
5. Sketch briefly the characteristics of the essay which add to its charm.
6. Do you learn anything of Lynd's character from the essay ?

XXVII. THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR

A. G. GARDINER (1865-1947), who wrote under the pen-name 'Alpha of the Plough', was for several years the editor of the *Daily News*. He is now best known as one of the most remarkable essayists of the twentieth century. The essays are collected together in several volumes. They are uniformly characterised by grace and elegance, genial humour, deep thought and perfection of language. The present essay, selected from *Many Furrows*, having been written on a solemn occasion, does not show his humour, but it is a perfect gem in its own way—full of noble emotion expressed with the maximum economy of words whose cadences haunt the mind and the ear for long.

"The Unknown Warrior" is the name given to an unidentified soldier killed in the Great War of 1914-1918, who was buried in Westminster Abbey on November 11, 1920, as representing all who fell in the struggle. The essay was written after the ceremony in the Abbey.

borne overland and sea : The body of the soldier had been taken from one of the nameless graves in France and brought to England.

the most sacred dust of England : the dust of the most distinguished persons buried in the Abbey.

invisible hosts : the numberless dead soldiers who can no longer be seen.

His name is legion : There are innumerable people like him. cf. *St. Mark* v. 9 : "My name is Legion, for we are many."

streaming in : moving into the Abbey.

Hebrides : groups of islands off the west coast of Scotland.

the glens of the North : the narrow valleys of Scotland.

Durham : in the north of England, famous for its rich coal-mines.

the Clyde : a river in Scotland on the banks of which are situated the greatest shipyards in the world.

the Tyne : a river in the north of England having great shipyards on its banks.

bogs : marshes. The central part of Ireland is full of these.

East Anglia : a district in the east of England comprising the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire.

moors : tracts of wasteland (in Devonshire, one of the western counties).

transcends : goes beyond.

the strong burr of Aberdeen : the loud sound of the letter 'r' heard among the Scotch.

lilt : peculiar musical intonation (characteristic of the speech of Dorset men).

broad-vowelled : pronouncing the vowels distinctly.

song about Tipperary : A song, "It's a long way to Tipperary," written by Jack Judge, was very popular during the War of 1914-1918 ; to its strains did the soldiers often march to the battlefield.

Tipperary : a town in Ireland.

strangest of ironies : During the War, Irishmen were violently agitating for Home Rule and doing everything to impede England's war-effort ; hence, it was a strange thing that a peculiarly Irish song should appeal so strongly to the English at that time.

irony : *i.e.*, perversity of fortune ; strange fate.

high-road : main road.

mallet : the carpenter's wooden hammer.

foreboding : vague feeling of something bad to come.

sorrow . . . . tears : sorrow which cannot be relieved even by shedding tears.

sacrifice : the victim, who is to be sacrificed.

win . . . . rewards : make large profits out of the difficulties caused by war.

the tainted wether of the flock : a person whose loss is least likely to be felt, being touched with some disease. A 'wether' literally means 'a castrated ram'. The phrase is taken from Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice,* IV. i. 111 : "I am a tainted wether of the flock, Meetest for death."

meetest : fittest.

pride of the flock : the finest amongst them, of whom others are proud.

priceless victories of peace : distinctions achieved in arts and sciences ; an echo of Milton's words, "Peace hath her victories No less renowned than war."

in the green leaf : not yet mature or fully developed.

Rupert Brooke (1887-1915): a young poet of great promise who fell in the War.

Raymond Asquith : the eldest son of the Earl of Oxford and Asquith, who was killed in 1916.

Gladstone : W. C. G. Gladstone, the grandson of W. E. Gladstone, the great Prime Minister of the 19th century. He was killed in action in 1915.

Keeling : T. E. Keeling, killed in the War.

furnace : the battlefield, which is as hot as a furnace.

Suvla Bay : an inlet on the west coast of the Gallipoli peninsula. Towards the end of 1915 the Allies lost heavily in an unsuccessful campaign there.

Mesopotamia : the centre of Allied fighting against the Turks and Arabs.

Vimy Ridge : in northern France, was the scene of heavy fighting against the Germans.

the Somme : a river in Northern France. The district around it saw a series of engagements between the Allies and the Germans.

churned up : stirred up.

Passchendaele : a low ridge in Belgium, the scene of heavy fighting in 1917-18.

salient at Ypres : a line of trenches and other defensive works at Ypres, bulging out towards the enemy, and so requiring greater force to guard it. This was a centre of intense fighting throughout the War.

March : March 1918, when the Germans launched their last offensive.

the Euphrates : a river in Mesopotamia.

the Scheldt : a river flowing through France and Belgium.

Zeebrugge : town and seaport of Belgium. The Germans made it a submarine base and the English blockaded it.

cemeteries : places of burial.

litter : lie about.

the illustrious dead : the distinguished persons buried in the Abbey.

Chatham : William Pitt, Earl of Chatham (1708-1778), a great statesman who was responsible for the conquest of Canada.

Dryden : John Dryden (1631-1700), great poet and critic.

Johnson : See introductory note to "Boswell's Meeting with Dr. Johnson." Chatham, Dryden and Johnson lie buried in the Abbey.

emblem : symbol.

world's madness : the War caused by the mad selfishness and ambition of the nations of the world.

moving : *i.e.*, causing tender emotion ; touching.

spasm : a sudden outburst.

borne down Whitehall : carried in procession along Whitehall. Whitehall is the street leading to the Parliament House and Westminster Abbey. In the middle of it is the Cenotaph erected in memory of those who fell in the War.

EXERCISES

1. What does the Unknown Warrior stand for ?
2. Why did the youth of England go so readily to war ?
3. Describe some of the sacrifices made by the British during the War.
4. Bring out vividly the feelings of those who watched the burial of the Unknown Warrior.
5. Consider this essay as a fine expression of English patriotism.

SELECT PASSAGES FOR EXPLANATION AND COMMENT

1. It may be vulgar, it may be cheap, but we *are* vulgar, we *are* cheap, and it's no use pretending we're not.
2. It was a little gold-mine if properly handled.
3. The dumb have a lonely grandeur like Nature's own.
4. At the outskirts of this silent troubled Mother there stood a silent troubled girl.
5. Thank God! Their caste in this world and their safety in the next were assured!
6. I am not one of those young ladies (if such young ladies there are) who are so daring as to risk their happiness on the chance of being asked a second time.
7. And for that it must die, when it had just begun to live!
8. Somehow women seem more mistrustful than men. They're so beastly suspicious by nature, you know.
9. To one who has tried both, the wail of genuine physical anguish is easily distinguishable from the pumped-up *ad misericordiam* blubber.
10. You are brave! for my sake do not be rash!
11. Such strange alleys do my thoughts run along when I am wool-gathering in the field!
12. He announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio . . , "Look, my lord, it comes".
13. That, sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help.
14. Sir, I have known David Garrick longer than you have done; and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject.

15. Yet, said he in a lower voice, one would like to live a little longer too!

16. If the Chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory.

17. Gentlemen! behold this amiable lady sitting fearlessly upon that terrible instrument of war! Behold the heroic daughter of England—the soldiers' friend!

18. It was a contest, not between engineers, but between nations, and the victory remained with the nation which, though inferior in number, was superior in civilisation.

19. He seemed upon the whole a most loving, kissing, kind-hearted gentleman.

20. But the first lesson to learn is that there are other people in the world besides yourself.

21. True equality is the only true morality or true wisdom.

22. He believed that he who seeks his life shall lose it and he who loses his life shall find it.

23. That indeed is almost the epitaph of the Hindu faith.

24. Faith is given to us as a help and comfort when we stand in awe before the unfurling scroll of human destiny.

25. We are fighting by ourselves alone; but we are not fighting for ourselves alone.

26. All I can say is that any plan for invading Britain which he had made two months ago must have had to be entirely recast in order to meet our new position.

27. It is a war of peoples and of causes . . . This is the war of the Unknown Warriors.

28. I tell you Nature's neither pure nor honest, just nor merciful.

29. A white-faced, stony-hearted monster! Ye have got it on its knees; are ye to give up at the last minute to save your miserable bodies pain?

30. It was a splendid moment.

31. It is to this weird and terrifying object that our rocket is taking us.

32. We see nothing at rest; everything is in violent motion.

33. A season does not burst on us, as football does, full grown and arrogant; it comes to us every year with a modesty that matches the slender tracery of leaf and twig.

34. It's all right, it's all right; I was only thanking my Maker.

35. As well might we think of Sir Albert Memorial, Sir National Debt, Sir Harvest Moon—or Sir Cricket!

36. The collector is the most terrible parasite of all.

37. He takes as much pains to hide his feelings, as any hypocrite would to conceal his indifference.

38. Here, master, take all my cargo, and a blessing into the bargain.

39. (They) looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room.

40. Those innocents would do her no harm.

41. I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges and such like common baits of children.

42. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence and a name.

43. It is notorious that those who sell matches in the streets may be on their upward way to the higher slopes of Parnassus.

44. Do thee think it quite nice of them for a sacred event from the Bible to be adopted by them to such a purpose ?

45. Yet how few people ride in Rolls-Royces, and how many consume sauce and strike matches !

46. The nursing home took on more and more the aspect of a holiday resort.

47. John Knox would scarcely have done this, or regarded as a faithful Presbyterian a follower who did it.

48. His name is legion, and he comes from a hundred fields, stricken with a million deaths.

49. But whatever the accent, it mingles in that song about Tipperary which, by the strangest of ironies, lives in the mind with the sound of the tramp of millions to battle.

50. He comes, unknown and unnamed, to take his place among the illustrious dead.

51. They died that the world might be a better and a cleaner place for those who lived and for those who come after.

52. This may be nothing but conjecture or fancy, but if she had been a visitor from another world she could not have seemed more strange to me.

53. To protect himself he cultivates what is called the "sloth of the eye".

54. But the mystery of it is a mystery still.

Thursday

2.30 — 4.30.